

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte, suggested by the Publication of Scott's Life of Napoleon. By W. E. CHANNING, L. L. D. Boston, reprinted at London. Rainford, 1828.

Dr. CHANNING is not a stranger to the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*. In our volume for 1826 will be found a notice of one of his former publications; viz. *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*. The very favourable opinion which we then expressed of his powers as an author has been far from diminished by the perusal of the pamphlet now the object of our attention. It is characterized by the same splendour of eloquence, the same soundness of judgment, the same nobility of feeling, and the same general impartiality for which all his writings are at once so conspicuous and so valuable.

Of Dr. Channing, personally, we confess we know nothing; and, unfortunately, there is often so strong a line of demarcation between 'the author and the man,' that we may, after all, be widely mistaken in the supposition which we venture to entertain, that he is one of those men by whose influence a more enlightened, and, in the full sense of the expression, a *better* state of society alone is to be constructed; but if we are mistaken, it must be confessed that he is a counterfeit of no ordinary skill; and so the mask be kept perfect, the extensive dissemination of his works must still be regarded as a public benefit of no inconsiderable importance. We indulge, however, in the firm belief, that Dr. C.'s philanthropy does not all evaporate with the moisture from his pen, and that he forms a noble exception among that too numerous class of personages,

'Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go.'

The contents of these pages appeared originally in a periodical work, published at Boston, United States, where they were shortly after printed in the form of a pamphlet. For its appearance on this side the Atlantic we are indebted to the London publisher of Dr. C.'s *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*.

As is commonly the case in our quarterly reviews, the work by which this pamphlet was suggested has very little to do with the matter. The merits of Sir Walter's octavos are summed up in the course of about a page and a half, impartially and unobjectionably—except, as we think, in one respect. Those who have read our review of that publication will be already aware that we dissent from Dr. Channing in the opinion that the author has shown any extraordinary 'reverence for historical truth,' or that he has either 'softened unduly the crimes of his hero,' or given 'more favourable impressions than truth will warrant.'

Before we proceed to quotation, we would

premise, that we should consider it our duty to protest against much of the censure which Dr. Channing has bestowed upon Napoleon, if he had endeavoured to conceal the fact that he has not judged him by the standard of comparison, but by an ideal excellence, which, however, we are afraid never has been, nor, at least as society is at present constituted, ever will be realized: but he has taken a large and liberal view of his subject; his analysis is less a personal than a general question; and his object rather a reprobation of despotism, whether legitimate or republican—of holy alliances no less than of solitary tyranny—than of the individual in whose person despotism was so blended with more noble and eagle-like attributes, that men forgot their wrongs in admiration of the very powers by which they were annihilated.

It would be injustice both to the author and our readers not to extract the following splendid passages respecting a subject upon which people are at length beginning to think somewhat rationally, being provided, indeed, with plenty of pretty dearly bought experience.

'It is due to Napoleon to observe, that there has always existed, and still exists, a mournful obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to the crimes of military and political life. The wrongdoing of public men on a large scale, has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice. Nations have seemed to court aggression and bondage, by their stupid, insincere admiration of successful tyrants. The wrongs from which men have suffered most, in body and mind, are yet unpunished. True, Christianity has put into our lips censures on the aspiring and the usurping; but these reproaches are as yet little more than sounds, and unmeaning common-places. They are repeated for form's sake. When we read or hear them, we feel that they want depth and strength. They are not inward, solemn, burning convictions, breaking from the indignant soul with a tone of reality, before which guilt would cower. The true moral feeling in regard to the crimes of public men is almost to be created. We believe, then, that such a character as Bonaparte's is formed with very little consciousness of its turpitude; and society, which contributes so much to its growth, is responsible for its existence, and merits in part the misery which it spreads.'

'Of the early influences under which Bonaparte was formed, we know little. He was educated in a military school, and this, we apprehend, is not an institution to form much delicacy, or independence of moral feeling; for the young soldier is taught, as his first duty, to obey his superior without consulting his conscience; to take human life at another's bidding; to perform that deed, which above all others requires deliberate conviction, without a moment's inquiry as to its justice, and to place himself a passive instrument in hands, which, as all history teaches, often reek with blood causelessly shed.'

'His first political association was with the Jacobins, the most sanguinary of all the fac-

tions which raged in France, and whose sway is emphatically called "the reign of terror." The service which secured his command in Italy, was the turning of his artillery on the people, who, however dangerous when acting as a mob, happened in the present case to understand their rights, and were directing their violence against manifest usurpation.'

'His first campaign was in Italy, and we have still a vivid recollection of the almost rapturous admiration, with which we followed his first triumphs; for then we were simple enough to regard him as the chosen guardian of liberty. His peculiar tactics were not then understood; the secret of his success had not reached us; and his rapid victories stimulated the imagination to invest him with the mysterious powers of a hero of romance. We confess that we cannot now read the history of his Italian wars without a quickened movement in the veins. The rapidity of his conceptions; the inexhaustibleness of his invention; the energy of his will; the decision which suffered not a moment's pause between the purpose and its execution; the presence of mind, which, amidst sudden reverses and on the brink of ruin, devised the means of safety and success; these commanding attributes, added to a courage, which, however suspected afterwards, never faltered then, compel us to bestow, what, indeed, we have no desire to withhold, the admiration which is due to superior power.'

'Let not the friends of peace be offended. We have said, and we repeat it, that we have no desire to withhold our admiration from the energies which war often awakens. Great powers, even in their perversion, attest a glorious nature, and we may feel their grandeur, whilst we condemn, with our whole strength of moral feeling, the evil passions by which they are depraved. We are willing to grant that war, abhor it as we may, often develops and places in strong light a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is perhaps no moment in life, in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle. Still the greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshaking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who, alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retreating word might remove; such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.'

With the following remarks upon the intellectual character of Napoleon we terminate our notice of a book which, though consisting of but eight and forty pages, has greater claims to attention than one half the 'clumsy

frowsy quartos' which it falls to the lot of a reviewer to digest.

' His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood, by a glance, what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power, which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence, and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

' The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration, which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence, in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world with producing a sudden and universal *sensation*, such as modern times had not witnessed. To *astonish* as well as to sway by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object, but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

' Such seems to us to have been the distinction, or characteristic modification, of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which, from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He

wanted to electrify and overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre, and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause, which would silence all other fame. In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace, he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project in an instant works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of a superhuman energy.

' Our sketch of Bonaparte would be imperfect indeed, if we did not add, that he was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration*. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune, and if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers, which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the benevolent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.'

The White Hoods; an Historical Romance.
By ANNA ELIZA BRAY, late Mrs. C. Stothard, Author of *De Foix*, *Letters during a Tour through Normandy and Brittany*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 979. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE genius of Mrs. Bray has been so justly appreciated by an admiring public, and we ourselves entered so fully into the peculiar excellencies which characterize it, in the 361st number of *The Literary Chronicle*,

when reviewing her chivalrous story of *De Foix*, that it will be no slight recommendation of the *White Hoods* to say that, as an historical romance, it is not less distinguished by monumental and architectural research, by the pomp and circumstance of chivalry, by accurate delineations of every variety of ancient manners, by an interesting narrative, and a flowing, vigorous, and graceful style. Without entering into a detail of the story, for the historical portions of which Mrs. Bray (as in the case of her *De Foix*) is indebted to *Froissart*, we shall, by one or two quotations, evidence the justice of the high praise we have awarded. Anna, the heroine, has an appeal to make in behalf of her father, John Lyon; and the scene in which she attempts to enforce it, is extremely spirited:—

' When Anna arose the next morning, she prepared with an anxious heart to put her plan in execution; and having only communicated it in part to her father, lest he should oppose a project, of whose success she entertained the most flattering hope, she bid him farewell, concealed her person as well as she was able, by drawing her mantle of black silk close about her, threw a white veil over her head, and set out on her way to St. Bavo, in order that she might place herself at the door of the cathedral, to be near the earl as he passed in to the mass. It would be needless to say with how much anxiety, on the part of Anna, with how many hopes and fears, the interval (between her taking her station at the door and the arrival of the earl) was filled up.

' At length she heard the sounds of minstrelsy, and the movement of the crowd, which the public attendance of Lewis at the mass never failed to collect, assured her that he was actually coming towards the church. Anna now drew as near as possible to the space which was kept free by his attendants for his entrance, and exerted all her efforts to avoid being forced back by several of the mendicants, who were eager to catch the eye of the earl, in order to solicit an alms. Some of these people were real objects of charity, and others only used poverty as an excuse for idleness and vice. The most bold and importunate held in their hands a small brass box, with a slit in the lid, in order to drop into it whatever eleemosynary donations they might receive. And their usual method of calling upon the charity of a passenger, was by shaking and rattling their boxes as he passed along, sometimes accompanying the action with a blessing, or a demand on his purse; or at others without a hint being given, save by the action itself, a practice still in use amongst several of the Flemish mendicants even at the present time.

' The music drew nearer and nearer; and the minstrels that preceded the earl, with many of his household, passed directly into the cathedral, where the former continued playing their sprightly airs, although within the walls of the sacred edifice itself.

' The earl approached; and Anna was grieved to observe that his mother, Margaret, Countess of Artois, was leaning upon his arm, and on the same side of the pathway where she had taken her station. Gilbert Matthew too, she remarked, followed in the rear; and near him walked a person who wore a hood, and not the chaperon, so put on as to shade the face from observation. Who this man was, she could not see; but the proximity of his station to Gilbert in the procession, induced her to believe he must be one of his seven brothers; for the family of the Matthews kept much together, when in public or in private. Sir Roger d'Auterme, the high bailiff of Ghent, was also in the retinue with his nephew, Oliver, and John de Faucille.

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Whilst Anna cast her eyes upon the earl, as he slowly advanced, a flattering hope stole into her bosom that she should succeed in the object of her petition, for the countenance of the Lord Lewis of Flanders might be said always to possess an expression calculated to inspire hope in a suppliant, since the dignity of the prince was blended with an air of kindness and affability. Perhaps, too, Anna's anxious hopes to find him all she wished, assisted the favourable view in which he now appeared to her.

His step was unaffected, though slow and majestic, and he returned the greetings of the crowd with manly courtesy. Whilst his tall and noble figure (attired in a suit of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, decorated with jewels, and surmounted by a rich mantle, lined with ermine) attracted the admiration of all beholders.

The countess leaned upon the arm of her son; her features were of the same handsome contour, and, from their regularity, retained some claims to beauty; yet there was a repelling, a haughty character, in her aspect, that destroyed the favourable effect the courtesy of her manners would otherwise have produced. She descended to return the respectful greetings of the people, but in doing so the expression of her countenance showed she felt it to be a condescension, and neither the sight of age, poverty, sickness, nor innocence, could unbend her brow, or create one kindly look of sympathy or feeling. Her alms she bestowed as a thing she did not value herself, nor heeded the benefit they might afford to others. She coldly scattered them around her, indiscriminately, from the almonier that hung suspended from her girdle, as children would throw away a handful of stones, about which they cared nothing. Her full and intelligent eyes glanced every where around, but fixed nowhere with any expression of interest. Her attire was magnificent; it shone with jewels and embroidery; her hanging sleeves fell almost to the ground, whilst the train of the crimson velvet mantle was supported by a young page. Her forehead, smooth and white, was bound by a circle or coronet of jewels, placed above a coverchief of the finest silver tissue.

As the earl advanced along the space that was cleared for him by the chamberlains and marshals, he every now and then stopt, as it were, a moment, whilst, with more grace and goodnature than was exhibited by his mother, he dispensed an alms to some aged or suffering mendicant, a custom usual with princes when they passed on to attend the public mass.

"He is drawing near," thought Anna; "oh if I could but catch his eye! I will cry *largesse*—and then I will slip the paper into his hand as he gives me an alms. But he sees me not; oh that I could but catch his eye. I will venture to step beyond the line; if it is but a little, he must see me."

She did so; and the quick glance of the earl was instantly arrested, and turned upon her alone. Her dress, although plain, and even homely, was *not* that of a mendicant; and notwithstanding her mantle wrapped close about her, and the veil that covered her face, there was a grace in the figure of Anna, which, like that found in those models of beauty, the statues of antiquity, showed itself, however covered it might be with drapery. The arm, too, which she extended (as she held the paper, ready to be presented, in her hand), was finely turned, and delicately white. These observations in a moment attracted an eye like that of Lewis de Male, critically nice in beauty. His curiosity was excited; there was something altogether extraordinary in the circumstance.

"This," said the earl, as he turned and addressed Gilbert Matthew, who was now near him, "this is the strangest, and I will warrant

the fairest beggar that ever yet asked an alms. She may, too, be the most unfortunate of all mendicants, perhaps a distressed gentlewoman; I will give her gold."

"Or, perhaps," replied Gilbert, "she may be some artful wanton, who displays her white hand, and a decent mantle, to excite curiosity, and a new kind of sympathy, since rags, the proper habiliments of alms-takers, are now too common to raise much pity."

"Be she what she may," said the earl, "she shall not extend that pretty arm to me in vain; nay, I will speak to her."

As Lewis advanced a few paces to do so, the gold piece of coin, designed for Anna, glittered in his hand, and at the very moment he was about to speak to her, an aged woman, of a wretched and haggard countenance, (in which an expression of frenzy seemed to contend with that of malice for pre-eminence,) who was habited with nothing remarkable, save a *white hood* about her head, rushed before Anna, and rudely thrust her back, as she exclaimed aloud to Lewis de Male, "To me, to me—the gold to me, not to you muffled trickster."

Anna alarmed, shrunk back in the crowd, and the earl, incensed and disappointed at the probability of losing sight of her in the press, pushed back the hag with some violence, as he exclaimed "Hence, thou cursed white hood; how darest thou to interfere."

"Curse not the white hood, curse it not, proud earl," replied the aged woman, with the utmost audacity; "take heed, Lewis, take heed—no man, be he prince or beggar, shall ban me unrequited: hark thee, thy curse shall fall upon thyself; and mark my words," she continued, as she stretched forth her dry and shrivelled arm, bent it, and pointed with her finger to her own head; "the white hood thou hast this day cursed shall cover thine own with confusion. Remember it is I who say it—farewell."

Charles the Sixth of France may be adduced as a favourable specimen of Mrs. Bray's skill in portraiture:—

Charles the Sixth, the object of this general respect and silent attention, now entered the hall with that easy step and unembarrassed air that proclaimed he had been used to these ceremonies from childhood, and that they had neither the power nor the novelty to draw his attention from the amusements of boyhood. Charles was but sixteen years old, and the beautiful young falcon he now bore upon his wrist seemed, for the moment, to engage and interest him more than his court.

The king was of a fair complexion, tall, and well formed, light and active in his motions, and with a play of cheerfulness and good humour about his face that is always capable of rendering youth peculiarly pleasing, and, in a prince, was deemed the height of fascination, and whatever could most charm or attract mankind. His face was fair, but too delicate to indicate strength of constitution; and even at this early period there was a wild expression about the eye, which was remembered, and remarked many years after, by the learned leeches, as indicative of the unhappy malady that so often afflicted his mind at a maturer age.

Yet these *post-prophetic* observations of the leeches can hardly be deemed of sufficient force to prove that the king's malady was constitutional; since it should rather seem, from the accounts given by the writers of the period, that his first attack was produced by over-exertion, and the excessive heat of the sun affecting the brain, at a time when the king laboured under some slight indisposition. Be this as it may, at the period of our narrative his mental health was unimpaired; he was neither deficient in personal courage nor in intellect. On the contrary, Charles possessed the accomplish-

ments that were usually given to the youth of his day who were of noble birth; and his romantic attachment and marriage with his beloved queen, some years after, evinced a spirit of refined manners, that showed he was capable both of sincere affection and gallantry towards the favoured damsel of his choice.

The young king was attired in regal splendour. He wore the crimson mantle of state, lined and trimmed with ermine. His dalmatic fell in large and graceful folds over a tunic of white linen. It was formed of light blue silk, embroidered with the *fleur-de-lis* in silver, and fastened in front with a fermall or brooch of diamonds. The throat was bare. The beautiful light brown hair, for which Charles was so remarkable, hung in profusion down his back, and curled so thickly round his forehead as almost to conceal the fillet of fine pearls that was bound about his brows and confined the longer tresses to the back of the head.

Charles advanced towards the throne, graciously saluted his attendants, and, with a quickness of perception that marked his manners even at this early age, had the good sense to address each in a way appropriate to his several character or profession. Having spoken a few words almost to every one present, he turned to the young Count de Montmorenci, whose age and habits had rendered him a favourite companion to the youthful monarch. "See, my lord," said Charles, "we have this morning received a fair present from a fair dame. The noble Countess of Artois has sent us her young falcon, who will chase a heron with any bird in our dominions, and will come again to the lure without wandering. We this morning will try our falcon against yours, my lord; so our good uncles of Berry and of Burgundy will but grant us a short council, and put aside their grave matters; for in sooth we are tired of these long debates, and long for a horse, a heron, and a fair field."

"My gracious nephew and prince," said the Duke of Burgundy, advancing, "I should be loth to hinder you of the sports that become your age, and are suited to your health; but there are matters of such moment to lay before your grace, as demand your instant attention: they may not brook delay."

"So you told us yesterday," said the young king, "and so you say every day; but if we are never to have leisure to follow any fair sports, we had rather be the son of one of our own squires, than wear these robes of state as shackles of our liberty; for the sons of our people sport when they please, whilst we sit, and hear you, my lords, read us counsels, sometimes more to contradict each other in your several opinions than to await our decision; prithee, then, debate, whilst Charles and Montmorenci fly their falcons, and the wheel of state shall not stand still for lack of hands to turn it."

We are much tempted to make further extracts from this beautiful romance, but so many other productions of equal novelty and importance, demand attention, that we must content ourselves with an earnest recommendation of the *White Hoods* to all who delight in seeing the instructive charms of history so blended with the graces of imagination, that truth becomes a gainer by both.

HAZLITT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON. (Continued from page 83.)

In commencing our second notice of these volumes, it is pleasant to have to confirm the favourable opinion with which a hasty glance inspired us. Assuredly if Mr. Hazlitt carry to the conclusion of the work the spirit which marks its beginning, he will do justice to a subject as yet unworthily treated by contem-

porary writers, and which our own day, whatever were its hopes, hardly expected to see so taken up. The first volume briefly dismisses the early years of Napoleon, but what is told is described charmingly. Where it is practicable, the author judiciously allows the hero to give his own account of this interesting portion of his existence. *Automarachi's*, a work of unquestionable authenticity, is Mr. Hazlitt's principal authority. We would willingly indulge in quotation here, but time and our limits hurry us to a maturer era, and we leave the reader to consult for himself Mr. Hazlitt's striking picture of Napoleon's boyhood.

In order to explain some of the transactions mentioned in the chapter to which we have just alluded, Mr. Hazlitt supplies an account of Corsica, valuable in many points of view, and chiefly because it includes a just and somewhat novel estimate of Paoli, and being principally collected from Napoleon's *Memoirs*, may be considered as comprising the substance of his lost History of Corsica; but to this also we must content ourselves with a simple reference.

The description of the breaking out of the French Revolution abounds with vivid scenes and powerfully drawn sketches of character. That of Necker is very good:—

'Necker was one of those timid spirits, who adhere to the nicest forms of justice in the midst of the most violent commotions—(a sort of *petits-maitres*, who are as afraid of spoiling a certain ideal standard of perfection in their own minds, as a courtier is of soiling a birth-day suit)—and soon after retired from the scene of the Revolution (for which he was unfit) in effeminate disgust, but without ever going over to the other side. Bonaparte met him at Geneva in 1800, when he was as full of himself and his financial schemes as ever. He was a man of principle, and of a certain literal understanding, but wanted strength of character to conform to circumstances or to govern them; and from an over-cautiousness of reputation, was afraid to approve what under any supposition, or by any party, could be condemned as wrong. While the world was tumbling about his ears, he was weighing the grains and scupules of morality. Such self-satisfied casuists neutralize every cause, and are the outcasts of every party.'

The subjoined picture of the state of France previous to the Revolution, is no less accurate than appalling:—

'Justice was openly bought and sold like any other commodity in the market. The law was only a convenient instrument in the hands of the rich against the poor. He who went into a court of justice without friends or without money to seek redress, however gross his provocation, was sure to come out of it with insult, added to the original injury, and with a sickening and humiliating sense of his own helpless and degraded situation. If he had a handsome wife or daughter, or was entrusted with any great man's secrets, he had less need to despair. The peasants were over-worked, half-starved, treated with hard words and hard blows, subjected to unceasing exactions and every species of petty tyranny, both from their haughty lords and their underlings: while in the cities a number of unwholesome and useless professions and a crowd of lazy menials pampered the vices, or administered to the pride and luxury of the great. The roads and villages were infested with beggars and various objects of disease, neglect, and wretchedness. The modes of education, and the notions respecting the treatment of the children of the poor and of the sick were full of su-

perstition and barbarism, which no pains were taken to eradicate, and led to the most distressing consequences. The hopes and labours of the husbandman were constantly ruined by the inroads of wild boars and other animals of chase; and if any of these were destroyed in a fit of impatience or from the pressure of want, the offence was never forgiven, as directed less against the property than the exclusive pleasures of the proprietors of the soil. The tythes were an additional and heavy burden; in the imposition of taxes no favour was shown to the comforts or necessities of the poor, while the privileged classes were wholly exempted from them. If a rich man struck a poor one, the latter must submit in silence; if he was robbed of a house or orchard, and he complained, he was sent to prison. Instances have even been known of the common people passing along the streets, or workmen on the tops of houses, being shot at as marks and killed in sport, and no notice taken. There was no such thing as liberty of the press or trial by jury, nor any public trial or confronting of witnesses. The great mass of the people were regarded by their superiors as of a lower species, as merely tolerated in existence for their use and convenience; the object was to reduce them to the lowest possible state of dependence and wretchedness, and to make them sensible of it at every step. The human form only (and scarcely that) was left them; in other respects the dogs and horses of the rich were better off, and used with less cruelty and contempt. The arbitrary arrests of the court were not so frequent as formerly, but there was no security against them; so that the people felt thankful for the forbearance of power, instead of being indignant at its exercise, like the poor bird that cowers and trembles after having just escaped the talons of the hawk. To speak truth, to plead the cause of humanity, was sure to draw down the vengeance of government, and was to sign the warrant of your own condemnation. Loyalty was a sordid calculation of interest or a panic-fear. No erectness of spirit, no confidence, no manly boldness of character; but in their stead, trick, cunning, smiling deceit, tame servility, a total want of public principle; and hence, in a great measure, arose the excesses of the Revolution, when power got into the hands of a people wholly unused to it, and impatient of every obstacle to their wishes, from want of respect for themselves or reliance on one another. Hence the treachery and vacillation of leaders, the fury of parties. Marat, before the Revolution, addicted himself wholly to the study of abstruse science, and avoided meddling with politics from the avowed dread of the Bastille; it is not surprising that in a mind like his this painful and pusillanimous feeling should seek to revenge itself, when its turn came, by inspiring the same terror in others. The manners of the court were also carried to the extremes of frivolity and depravity, so as to take alike from virtue its dignity, from vice its blush. The clergy, shut out from the charities of domestic life, strove to tarnish what they could not enjoy, and to turn the general profligacy to the profit of their own peculiar calling. Their sanguinary bigotry was changed to a covert scepticism not less odious, and into a sleek and dangerous complaisance to the vices of individuals and the abuses of power. In the court, corruption; in the church, hypocrisy; levity and licentiousness in the people. The influence of the *haut ton* (as it was called) had spread far and wide—had tainted literature, and given a false and mischievous bias to philosophy, by transforming court-vices into incontrovertible principles of human nature. Society was in a false position. All that was really left of loyalty was the admiration of the last new court-dress; of religious zeal, a desire to witness some im-

posing church ceremony, or to slide into a vacant preferment; what little there was of household faith or homely honesty in common life was trampled under the feet or dissipated by the example of the higher classes.'

Well may Mr. Hazlitt exclaim that it was high time this system and its supporters should be swept away, 'to make room for a more rational, and in the present circumstances of the world, a more natural order of things;' and well might princes and nobles who had fattened on the slavery and misery of the people, tremble at a change which insured their countrymen the rank of men and citizens, 'subject to the law, but no longer subject to the caprice and tyranny of the privileged classes.'

There can be no better evidence of the resolute impartiality with which Mr. Hazlitt has begun his labours, than the way in which he speaks of individuals who figured in the stirring times of which he has become the historian, individuals who were once the idols of the world, and who have still many enthusiastic admirers. Of this we have given one example, and we now extract another in the notice of the celebrated Mirabeau:—

'He was the alarm bell of the Revolution, the mouth-piece of the Assembly, the very model of a French orator: if he had been less of a mountebank or actor, he could not have produced the effect he did. He caught with singular felicity and animation the feeling of the moment, and giving it a tenfold impulse by his gesture, voice, and eye, sent it back with electrical force into the breasts of his audience. He seized the salient point of every question, saw the giddy fluctuation of opinion, and rushed in and turned it to his own advantage. By his boldness and promptitude he exercised a dictatorial power over the assembly, and held them in subjection by a brilliant and startling succession of pointed appeals, as Robespierre afterwards did by the reiterated and gloomy monotony of his denunciations. Mirabeau bore a resemblance to the late Lord Chatham in his commanding tone and personal apostrophes, but with more of theatrical display and rhetorical common-place. He died just in time to save his popularity, or to prevent his becoming, in all probability, an abject and formidable deserter from the cause of the people; for after his death a clandestine correspondence with the queen's party was discovered by the minister Roland; and on this occasion his bust, which stood in the hall of the Legislature, was veiled with a graceful mixture of reproach and regret.'

Of La Fayette, Mr. Hazlitt speaks less favourably than we think he deserves. Condemning this distinguished patriot's opposition to the Assembly which was to decide the fate of the monarchy, Mr. Hazlitt observes:

'Fayette alone made an attempt at a countermovement. Enamoured of that first step in the Revolution, of which he had been a principal instigator, and to which he had pledged himself as a friend at once to liberty and the laws, he was determined, with a strange mixture of prejudice and romance, that it should advance no farther under pain of his displeasure, and was always for bringing it back to this technical point of perfection with Quixotic perseverance and in spite of circumstances. He seemed to consider a Revolution as too much an affair of taste and decorum. He worshipped the Constitution of 1789 in the shrine of his imagination, to which no one else paid the smallest regard, and was in danger of sacrificing to this chronological chimera the future prospects of freedom. He had been a knight-errant in the American Revolution, and thought

himself bound to maintain the character of that of his own country equally pure and immaculate, though as affairs stood the thing was impossible. Its course was too irregular and Pindaric for his taste, and yet he persisted in fond attempts (the offspring, doubtless, of the goodness of his heart and the rectitude of his own intentions), to "lure this gentle tassel back" by smiles and threats, and tie it by a silken thread to the foot of the throne. No man is wiser from experience or suffering, or can cast his thoughts and actions in any other mould than that which nature has assigned them; or so true a patriot (than whom a better or holier man breathes not) would not, after his own and his country's "hair breadth 'scapes" and bleeding wrongs, have tried to hamper the Revolution in its last struggles with the same cobweb, flimsy refinements that he did in its first outset. To politicians of this visionary stamp, the slightest motives have always the greatest weight; for they only see how much their own side falls short of imaginary perfection, and have no conception of the damning alternative opposed to it, or of the abyss that yawns to receive them!

With the account of the trial of the unfortunate Louis, we conclude our present notice:

The behaviour of Louis XVI. on his trial was simple, manly, and affecting. He rested his defence chiefly on a positive denial of any knowledge of the letters and documents that were brought as proofs against him. His advocates on this occasion, Malesherbes (who nobly volunteered this service on the refusal of Target,) Tronchet, and Désèze, did themselves great and lasting honour by their eloquence, intrepidity, and disinterested zeal. The Convention pronounced his condemnation by a majority of only twenty-six voices out of above seven hundred. The smallness of this majority was made a plea to set aside the sentence. "Decrees are passed by a simple majority," said a member of the Mountain. "True," it was replied, "but decrees may be recalled, whereas the life of a man cannot be recalled." Some were for relieving themselves from the responsibility by an appeal to the nation, but this, it was thought, would betray a distrust of the cause, and might also breed a civil war. The sitting of the Convention which concluded the trial lasted seventy-two hours. It might naturally be supposed that silence, restraint, a sort of religious awe would have pervaded the scene; on the contrary, every thing bore the marks of gaiety, dissipation, and the most grotesque confusion. The farther end of the hall was converted into boxes, where ladies, in a studied dishabille, swallowed ices, oranges, liqueurs, and received the salutations of the members, who went and came as on ordinary occasions. Here the door-keepers on the Mountain side opened and shut the boxes reserved for the mistresses of the Duke of Orleans-Egalité; and here, though every sign of approbation or disapprobation was strictly forbidden, you heard the long and indignant "Ha, ha's!" of the mother-duchess, the patroness of the bands of female Jacobins, whenever her ears were not loudly greeted with the welcome sounds of death. The upper gallery, reserved for the people, was during the whole trial constantly full of strangers and spectators of every description, drinking wine and brandy as in a tavern. Bets were made as to the issue of the trial in all the neighbouring coffee-houses. Enui, impatience, disgust sat on almost every countenance. Each member seemed to ask whether his turn came next? A sick deputy, who was called, came forward wrapped up in his night-cap and night-gown, and the Assembly, when they beheld this sort of phantom, laughed. The figures passing and repassing, and rendered more ghastly by the pallid lights,

and that in a slow and sepulchral voice only pronounced the word *Death*; the Duke of Orleans hooted, almost spit upon, when he voted for the condemnation of his relative; others calculating if they should have time to go to dinner before they gave their verdict, while the women were pricking cards with pins in order to count the votes; some of the deputies fallen asleep, and only waked up to give their sentence; Manuel, the secretary, trying to falsify a few votes in favour of the unfortunate king, and in danger of being murdered for his pains in the passages; all this had the appearance rather of a hideous dream than of the reality. When Malesherbes went to carry the tidings to the king, he found him with his head reclined on the table, in a musing posture; and he observed to him at his entering, "I have been for these two hours trying to recollect what I have ever done to incur the ill-will of my subjects." The very endeavour showed goodness of heart and a certain simplicity of character; but it would be long before one taught from his childhood to believe that he could do no wrong, would find just ground of offence in his behaviour to his people. The execution of the sentence was fixed for the 21st of January, 1793. Louis mounted the fatal scaffold with firmness; after administering the last sacrament, his confessor addressed him, "Son of St. Louis! ascend into heaven!" He however manifested some repugnance to submit to his fate, and would have addressed the spectators, staggering to one side of the platform for that purpose, when the drums beat, and he was suddenly seized by the executioners and underwent the sentence of his judges. It is said that the indecent haste and eagerness of these men to complete their task arose from orders having been issued to the soldiers, in case of any attempt at a rescue, to fire at the scaffold, and that they were afraid of being themselves despatched if any alarm were given, or there were any symptoms of commotion among the crowd. One person tasted the blood, with a brutal exclamation, that it was "shockingly bitter;" the hair and pieces of the dress were sold by the attendants. No strong emotion was evinced at the moment; the place was like a fair; but a few days after, Paris, and those who had voted for the death of the monarch, began to feel serious and uneasy at what they had done. Louis XVI. had occupied his time while in prison, where his confinement was strict, chiefly in consoling his wife and sister, and in instructing his son. He discovered neither impatience, regret, nor resentment. The truth is, that great and trying situations raise the mind above itself, and take out the sting of personal suffering, by the importance of the reflections and consequences they suggest. He read much, and often reverted to the English history, where he found many examples of fallen monarchs, and one among them, condemned like himself by the people. He was attended during the whole time, and in his last moments, by his old servant, Clery, who never left him. The names of those who are faithful in misfortune are sacred in the page of history! The queen followed her husband to the block, after an interval of almost a year. There were circumstances of a dastardly and cold-blooded barbarity attending the accusation against her. But the revolutionary spirit had then attained its highest virulence and fury. She expressed her apprehensions of being torn in pieces by the mob on her way to the scaffold, and was gravely assured by one of the gendarmes who accompanied her, that "she would reach it without meeting any harm!" It is an affecting incident, that just before she expired she turned round her head to look back at the Tuilleries, and then laid her neck on the block.

[To be resumed.]

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life.
Third Series. 3 vols. 8vo. London,
1828. Colburn.

THIS work, which would have long since been introduced to the notice of the public, but for the serious indisposition of its author, has at length seen the light: that it will increase the author's reputation we are not prepared to affirm; that it is not equal to the second series, we confidently assert. We have here two stories, Cousin William and Gervase Skinner; the former of which contains detached scenes equal, if not superior, to any thing Mr. Hook ever penned, but it falls off in the *denouement*, and terminates as most flatly; the latter story is absolutely tedious, but is occasionally relieved by sketches narrated in the worshipful Theodore's best manner. Love, of course, is the prominent feature of both tales: in Cousin William, we are made acquainted with that newest of all characters, a gentleman who sacrifices to his vanity the life-long happiness of an innocent girl; an ancient worthy couple who have studied Buchan's Domestic Medicine till they fancy themselves afflicted with every disease which flesh is heir to; a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked English baronet, whose failings are peculiar—he is sensible enough, but he is resolved that every body shall know it, and therefore gives his friends the benefit of observations, which, rational as they are, every body can make just as well as himself; and a she-demon, y'cleped Davis, than whom we defy the most cunning witch-finder to point out a more diabolical firebrand, except it be from among that libelled class, the much abused private governesses of the realm. Old Crosby, the imaginary invalid, is a caricature exaggerated à l'outrance; he swallows the contents of a doctor's shop daily; tamarinds, senna, and chrysants of tartar; James's powders and Epsom salts; bleedings, leechings, blisters and cuppings, are all taken and endured, not with exemplary courage and patience, but with the eagerness of a victim devoted to Juggernaut, and the delight of a school-boy at a regale of sweetmeats. In our extracts, we shall carefully avoid making selections, a knowledge of which might mar the future reader's interest in the tale, but shall choose such parts as are true sketches of character, and likely to prove amusing to our readers: the opening of the first volume affords us a fair insight into the foibles and failings of the *Buchaneers*:

"Camomile tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please," said Mr. Crosby; "I have had five pints of water-gruel since bed-time.—I cannot bear any more."

"Just as you choose, my angel," said Mrs. Crosby. "Caroline dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour. Your papa is going down."

"Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate.

"I'll take a little ether," said Mr. Crosby, "before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby."

"Indeed, my life!" said the lady. "I can assure you I have not suffered a little myself; an attack of my old peripneumony did not meliorate the pains of my lumbago. Nor am I quite easy about my erysipelas."

"Come, dearest," said the invalid husband, "lend me your arm—ring for Richards to put the pillows in my chair—bring down the book, and let us see what's to be done next."

"And in this order of march, proceeded Mr. and Mrs. Crosby to the breakfast parlour, which had been previously hermetically sealed, by the assiduity of Caroline."

"It was July, the tea-urn steamed upon the table, the room had a southern aspect, and the sun shone full into it—Mr. Crosby had just taken ether, and his lady had just been rubbed with Steers' opodeldoc. Caroline proceeded to do duty at the breakfast table.

"Oh," said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down—"what a sudden pain at the back of my head."

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Crosby, "at the back of your head, my life—a leading symptom of apoplectic tendency."

"And my feet are cold, hot as the weather is," continued Mr. Crosby.

"When the extremities are chilled, Caroline," muttered Mrs. Crosby to her daughter-in-law, "the book says, death is approaching."

"Yes," said Caroline half smiling, "towards the end of a long and wearing disorder; but not surely in papa's state of health."

"Health, child," exclaimed Mr. Crosby, "why neither that suffering angel, nor myself, have had half an hour's health since—since—"

"Since," interrupted Caroline, "you have devoted yourselves to the study of Doctor Buchan: indeed, indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large."

"Tis an admirable book, child," said Mrs. Crosby; "and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, it has saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians."

"And has cost you thousands, which you have paid to the apothecaries," said Caroline "Only hear what cousin William says about it."

"Who quotes me?" exclaimed cousin William, opening the door.

"I," said Caroline, and her bright eyes sparkled, as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance; "upon the old subject of that odious book."

"What," said the young guardsman, "making fresh war upon the *Buchaneers*?"

"William," said Mr. Crosby, "you may call us what you please; but the discovery of our disorders in time, tends to the salvation of the constitution."

"Truly so, my dear uncle," said Captain Morley, "provided you do discover them; but since disorders generally begin with fever, the incipient symptoms of all must naturally more or less resemble each other; and thus fancy, which, like conscience, 'doth make cowards of us all,' ekes out the rest of the prognostics, and we think ourselves suffering under a combination of ills, by which in fact we are not in the slightest degree assailed."

"Look at Caroline's cheek, William," said Mrs. Crosby, "what do you think of the flush which you see upon it at this moment?"

"Think," said Morley, "that it rivals the virgin rose."

"Oh, William," said Caroline.

"There," exclaimed her mother, "see she flushes still more."

"Health, pure health, by the gods," exclaimed the captain, "heightened by native modesty."

"Health," said Mrs. Crosby; "how can you talk such nonsense, William; why the child's pulse are at seventy—health—hectic—are you hot, Caroline?"

"Very hot indeed, mama," said the lovely tea-maker.

"No wonder, aunt," said Morley; "the glass is at ninety-two, in the corner of the room farthest removed from the influence of the tea-urn."

"Poor child," said Crosby, who was reading *Buchan*, and drinking Doctor Solander's

British infusion, "poor Cary—yes—so it is—my angel is right."

"Oh, my dear father," interrupted Caroline, "do not make yourself uneasy about me; I assure you I am in perfect health; but you make me laugh with your too anxious fears, so that I can hardly eat my breakfast."

"Difficulty of swallowing," sighed Mrs. Crosby, is a most awful symptom."

"And so, if I chose, might I indulge my reader with fifty such scenes—fifty such dialogues, which regularly occurred at meal times, the only periods at which the family met; and so it was, that owing to their addiction to Dr. Buchan, this once happy couple moped and physicked their lives away in a dull house in the dullest part of Cambridgeshire, unenlivened by visitors, whose habits and amusements might, they apprehended, interfere with the regimen and medicine absolutely necessary, as they thought, to their existence; and secluded from society and its innocent gaieties, by the fear either of catching colds, or fevers, or surfeits, or over-feeding, or over-exercising themselves; nor amongst the other *agréments* of their seclusion should it be forgotten, that the physic closet was situated at the head of the great staircase, and flavoured the whole internal atmosphere, which never had an opportunity of escaping, except indeed through the windows of Caroline's boudoir, the only apertures ever open for its egress, after the family were up for the day."

The following is a clear statement of affairs existing between hundreds, thousands, of Carolines and Cousin Williams of our day:—

"Her cousin William had seduced the orphan daughter of a clergyman—her brother called him out—him, cousin William shot—but Caroline found excuses for him. The artful girl no doubt made love to her cousin, and if her brother would fight, cousin William must meet him; and if they met, cousin William surely ought to defend himself."

"Morley had lost deeply at play; but then, as Caroline said, it was when he was under age, and those who won his money absolutely cheated him; he was beaten in a cause, where the warranty of a horse having been proved, was denied as being his, although three witnesses saw him write it; but then, as Caroline said, the horse was spoiled after cousin William had warranted it, and besides, the opposing witnesses were all perjured.

"Morley was desperately involved in debt, and the tradesmen, whose existence and that of their families depended upon payment, were injured by his embarrassments; but, as Caroline said, in the first place, they were exorbitant in their charges; and, in the second, they ought not to have enticed cousin William into buying heaps of things which he did not want. In short, if cousin William had robbed a church, or fired an hospital, Caroline would have discovered some good reason why such acts could by no means reflect the least discredit upon cousin William."

Sir Mark Terrington, the light-haired, rosy-cheeked, good-hearted, matter-of-fact baronet is thus pleasantly described:—

"Sir Mark, like all shy men, was sure to be always conspicuous for something. His tailor generally made his coat sleeves two or three inches too short; so that only his red lumps of knuckles were entirely laid open to view, but even the articulation of the ulna with the carpus, and all the pleasing playfulnesses of the scaphoides, trapezoides, and the rest of their adjuncts were developed and exhibited, with the greatest anatomical nicety. At another time his boots would creak like arid wheels of heavy wagons, which to a man who 'trembled at the noise himself had made,' was a perpetual

and never-ceasing calamity. If the slightest breeze blew, Sir Mark's hat was sure to fly off; or if the gentlest frost that ever crisped the grass was present, his unlucky foot would surely slide from under him, and he become the sight and laugh of the moment."

Cousin William is, by far, the better written tale of the two, and we heartily agree with what the author seems to infer, that no comparison can exist between the worldly skin-deep fondness of a man, and the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl; we only quarrel with the application, the moral, the proverb appended to the story, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coutre*; this seems clearly to us an after-thought: *look before you leap*, would have been just apposite.

Our first extract, from the concluding story, introduces us to the hero himself, and, we regret to say, we could fit the cap on more than one head, between Ratcliffe Highway and Hammersmith:—

Every man, however, has his faults. There are spots in the sun—was it to be hoped that Gervase Skinner, of Bagsden Parva, in the county of Somerset, Esq., would be exempt from the general fallibility of human nature? It should seem not: and although I confess it is painful in the extreme to show up my worthy friend, yet as a candid historian I am compelled to do so.

The ruling passion of my hero, then, was to go through life with a character for extraordinary liberality—financial liberality I mean—which character it was his unremitting study to support, (as cobblers profess to mend shoes,)—on the most reasonable terms. His ambition was to be thought careless of money, even to extravagance; being in his heart the veriest miser extant. His whole mind, concentrated within the focus of his own property, was devoted to saving in such a covert manner, that his economy should never peep out. He would pick up a pin slily, whenever he saw one; because his nurse had told him, when he was a child, "that a pin a day was a groat a year;" yet would he have died, if he had thought himself observed in doing it. He would, in London, walk a mile, through a pouring rain, to save a shilling's-worth of coach-hire, although the wet spoiled him five pounds-worth of clothes; and if discovered, would say, he did it for the sake of exercise. In short, his weak point was the magpie sentiment of picking up, hiding, and hoarding; striving at the same time, with all his might, to exhibit to the world the pert gaiety and hopping thoughtlessness of the mischievous bird, his very prototype in disposition and pursuits.

It ought, perhaps, here to be remarked, that Mr. Gervase Skinner, throughout his life, acted, or said he acted, "upon principle." If it meant nothing in reality, it was a cant phrase, which served him as an excuse for doing the most extraordinary things in the world. Thus, at his own house, he never drank wine "upon principle;" whenever he dined anywhere else, except at an inn, he took his bottle cheerfully "upon principle." He always travelled outside the stage-coach "upon principle;" "upon principle" gave the coachman only one shilling as his fee; covered his hat with an oik-skin "upon principle;" never took refreshment on the road "upon principle;" and thus it was that "upon principle" he denied himself the pleasure of seeing his acquaintances more frequently at Bagsden; although, "upon principle," he was always extremely happy to visit them upon all suitable or unsuitable occasions.

The following is a no less vivid portrait of that unhappy miserable devil, the great woman of a strolling company; this lady, the

star of the Taunton troop, which had the honour of calling Mr. Kekewich, manager, was blessed with the euphonious appellation of Amelrosa Fugglestone, and was in the habit of undergoing, in one night, labours which would make us forget those of Hercules, and which had gained the unqualified approbation of the elegant audiences of the theatres Leek, Bishop's Castle, Bullock Smithy, and Bolton-le-Moors; these labours consisted in nothing less than performing Ophelia, introducing the airs of Mad Tom, Home, sweet home, and We are a' noddin,—playing nineteen different characters in the after-piece; going through the manual and platoon exercise in male attire standing upon a pewter plate; dancing the minuet de la cour; giving imitations of Muscovy ducks, nightingales, the filing of a saw, two cats upon the pantiles, and of several London performers; and winding up this varied entertainment by dancing the College Hornpipe, enveloped in 'white tights' and fireworks:—

"Wonderful woman, sir!" said Kekewich; "full of talent as an egg's full of meat—husband a stick—*must* have him—part of her articles—pity she married—fine creature, depend upon it—plays Ophelia in high style—finds her own dresses—silk stockings and all—symmetrical figure, sweet temper, and coal-black hair, down to the small of her back—great hit for me—short life and a merry one—snapped up for the London houses—manager sent down a doctor of divinity and two physicians to see her at Leek—nabbed her—snapt her up like a lamb from my flock—her own terms, and an engagement for her husband—of course, the *carte blanche* made her cut the waggon—accepted the offer, and comes out in the metropolis in three weeks—you'll hear the last of her, sir—an opportunity not to be missed."

"Has she been long on the stage?" said Skinner.

"Born behind the scenes, sir," replied Kekewich—"inhaled lamp air with her first breath: somehow, however, she did not acquire celebrity, until she got into a scrape with a lover—the Prince in Richard, or the Page in the Purse, were her outsides, till she became a little suspected of impropriety—then, sir, she was run after like an innocent hare by a pack of sad dogs—you'll excuse the allegory—however, having created a sensation, she practically gave the lie to calumny and married, purely for love, her present husband, Mr. Fuggleston—between you and me, he is not worth his salt; but he is a *sine quâ non* in her engagements.—Such things happen with our betters, you know, sir—in political life, Mr. this thing won't take office unless Mr. that thing is employed—the same with us in the Thespian kingdom; but she is as correct as Catalani—punctual as clock-work—husband always behind the scenes, play or not—cloak and clogs always sent, in wet weather—regular maid of her own at the stage door—umbrella and lantern—no gallantry, no gallivanting—as virtuous as a vestal—and as proud as a peacock."

"You must introduce me forthwith," said Skinner; "I conclude, she will join our little annual fooleries at Bagsden."

"I'll see what can be done," said Kekewich; "I know she would not visit one of the aldermen of Leek, because his wife had once been suspected of a little blind partiality for the apothecary's apprentice—she has her little oddities, her crinkums and crankums—you comprehend, sir? but, she is a powerful tragedian—commanding figure—fine person, what we in the profession call a capital first night woman—yet we all have our failings, Mr. Skinner."—Skinner bowed,

"Present company always excepted, sir," said Kekewich, smiling at his own urbanity. "Mrs. Fuggleston has *hers*—she is blessed, sir, with an appetite—a woman of strong feeling, and full of sentiment—but fond of her meals—you understand me, sir. This is not by way of hint—for at Bagsden plenty always crowns the board—but it is fact—and I let you into the *trait*—the dinner *trait* you'll say, I know—in order that you may not be struck at once. I found it out, merely by acting with her—whenever I had to embrace her on the stage, I detected an over addiction to onions—you'll excuse this little enlightenment, but it is so—in Juliet, three or four nights since, I discovered garlic amongst the honey; however, this is but a speck upon the orb of day, and I must not complain, for she draws wonderfully."

"An artist, too?" said Skinner, inquiringly.

"A powerful artist, I assure you," replied Kekewich; "but not, as I take it, in your sense of the word—to draw, with us, means to attract—I mean, she attracts."

"I am not much surprised at that," said my hero, "considering the variety of her talent."

"No, to be sure, she is versatile enough," continued the manager, "and full of ability. She sings admirably—her Ophelia, I think, you'll say, sir, is a beautiful bit of acting; the pathos—the madness—the melody—all first-rate; and in private life, when you come to know her, you'll find her quite the domestic creature—quite the pussy-cat on her own hearth; does a mutton-chop to a turn with the gravy in it; and for fried tripe, sir, there is not her equal in England. Shall we go call upon her now, I'll be sworn she is at home?"

"Where do they lodge?" said Skinner.

"At the pastry-cook's," said Kekewich. "Heard of your excellent Taunton mutton-pies, no doubt—she says in *her* way that a good cook is a man of good scents—likes the smell—she's quite a wag when she is pleased—prodigious hit in London, sir."

"Let us go, then," said Skinner; "I shall be too happy to make their acquaintance, and proffer my invitation."

"With all my heart," replied the manager. "I'll just direct my boy to get in a few things we want, to start with, and be with you in the twinkling of an eye."

To conclude, we recommend our readers to judge of this work for themselves by a perusal, of which it is well worthy; we doubt not its popularity, *that* is insured by the fame of the two former ones: the highest praise we can give this, the third, and, we believe, the last, is that, though the author may gain no increase, he certainly will experience no loss of reputation by it.

NORTHCOTE'S ONE HUNDRED FARLES.

(Concluded from page 75.)

In our preceding notice of this volume, we gave some specimens of its literary merits, and we now turn our attention more particularly to its embellishments. In none of its various departments has the art of engraving been more materially improved, within the last century, than in that of engraving on wood. Before the publication of Bewick's charming History of Quadrupeds, there was scarcely a single illustration in this style worthy a moment's attention from persons possessing any knowledge of the arts. The successors of that admirable artist are numerous; and how successfully they have pursued the path which his genius pointed out, this book bears most honourable proof. Regarded in this light only, it would be just-

ly entitled to the patronage of the public; but it has also other and high claims to distinction.

In his preface, Mr. Northcote remarks upon the talents of Mr. William Harvey, by whom the illustrations to each fable (originally designed by Mr. N.) were drawn on the wood, and to this praise we are anxious to add our own testimony. Every fable commences with an ornamental letter, and terminates with a vignette; these are solely the designs of Mr. Harvey, and the talent with which they are executed is only exceeded by the extraordinary ingenuity and fertility of invention which they display. They have all some oblique reference to the sense of the fable, and afford an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement. To Mr. Northcote's fame, as an artist, we can add little. It is equally above the effects of our censure or approval, but it may be allowed us to say, that those who have long admired him in the higher walks of his profession, cannot but be gratified with these more playful productions of his high and venerated talents. The illustrations to the Fables, with few exceptions, among which we observe one or two from Barlow's admirable work of the same kind, are entirely from his own pencil.

With one or two additional extracts, we close our notice of a volume equally remarkable for the talent employed in its composition, and for the taste and elegance exhibited in its 'getting up':—

The Spanish Cavalier.—One day a quarrel happened about a lady, between a Spanish cavalier and a Dutchman. Satisfaction was the word, and they met to decide the dispute; the contest was fierce and bloody, for they closed at the first encounter, and the don, being mortally wounded, fell down; and cried out to an intimate of his who was running to his assistance, but too late—"My dear friend! for the love of heaven, be so good as to bury me, before any body strips me." Having said this, so great a quantity of blood flowed from his wound, that he died immediately.

Now this odd request of the Spaniard to his friend raised every body's curiosity (as it generally happens in things prohibited) to see him naked, especially since it was the dying request and intreaty of a worthy hero of that wise nation, who never speak at random, nor drop a word that is not full of mysteries, and each mystery full of sense; so that every one had a great desire to know the meaning of it, and in spite of all his friend could do to prevent it, he was stript immediately, and upon search, this spruce blade, who was completely drest à la cavalier, and with a curious ruff about his neck worth more than all the rest of his finery, was found—to have never a shirt to his back—at which the spectators could not help smiling, although the event was so pitiable.

Application.—The Spaniard gives a strong example of the vast desire in some men to preserve their reputation unsullied, so as even in the pangs of death to prefer the care of it above all other regards, and close their eyes full of zeal for it—the certain mark of a soul superlatively great; and although at the first view it appears ridiculous, yet we see, in this instance, that two contraries can be found in the same person, great vanity, yet solidity, mighty show and real substance, and the Spaniard displayed in his utmost calamity a greater zeal for his reputation than for the care of his wounds, and preferred his honour to his life.

We are almost afraid to quote the following, lest we should be suspected of promulgating

gating a political satire, which some may think not inappropriate to 'times present':—

'THE RATS AND THE CHEESE.'

'If bees a government maintain,
Why may not rats of stronger brain
And greater pow'r, as well be thought
By Machiavelian axioms taught;
And so they are, for thus of late
'It happened in the rats' free state.

Their prince (his subjects more to please)
Had got a mighty Cheshire cheese,
In which his ministers of state
Might live in plenty and grow great.
'A power'ul party straight combin'd,
And their united forces join'd
To bring their measures into play,
For none so loyal were as they;
And none such patriots to support,
As well the country as the court.
No sooner were those dons admitted,
But (all those wond'rous virtues quitted)
They all the speediest means devise
To raise themselves and families.

'Another party well observing
These pamper'd were, while they were starving,
Their ministry brought in disgrace,
Expell'd them, and supplied their place;
These on just principles were known
The true supporters of the throne,
And for the subject's liberty,
They'd (marry would they) freely die;
But being well fix'd in their station,
Regardless of their prince and nation,
Just like the others, all their skill
Was how they might their paunches fill.

'On this a rat not quite so blind
In state intrigues as human kind,
But of more honour, thus replied,
"Confound ye all on either side;
All your contentions are but these,
Whose arts shall best secure the cheese."'

The Morning and Evening Sacrifice; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families.
Fifth Edition. 8vo. pp. 404. Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

If from the number of editions through which this work has passed, we may judge of the sense which the public entertains of its merits, it is not a work which is lightly estimated. We are always glad to find public taste, and intrinsic worth go together; for, there have been occasions, not unfrequent, when the most flimsy, vapid, if not defective compositions, have obtained a public sanction for which it was very difficult satisfactorily to account; and again, many well written and highly useful publications have, at all times, fallen into oblivion, which, had they been tried by their real merits, would have continued to be read and esteemed for years to come. We take some share of credit to ourselves, that, in the fulfilment of a sacred duty, we have never knowingly shrank from declaring our honest sentiments as to the hundreds of publications which have come under our review; and we believe that, in numberless cases, we have been enabled to guide the stream of popular opinion, so that merit has been rewarded, and demerit has met with deserved oblivion.

The *Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, is a work which is calculated to be very useful to many individuals; though its plan is not of so extensive a nature as that of some similar works, but the prayers appear to be correct both as to sentiment and expression, and, in some places, are elevated to such a degree, as to inspire in the mind the true feelings of devotion. There are

two sermons on the Lord's Prayer pre-fixed, both worthy of a careful perusal, and the whole work is one which may be advantageously used for private devotional purposes, and occasionally in a family. The beautiful manner in which this volume is printed, reflects high praise on both author and publisher.

Discourses in Vindication of the Christian Faith; and on the responsibility of Man for his Belief. By I. BARROW, D.D. To which is prefixed a Preliminary Essay. By the REV. A. KEITH. 12mo. pp. 292. Edinburgh, 1828. Whyte and Co.

THE name of Barrow holds so high a rank in the list of theological writers of past times, that a reprint of any of his discourses must at once command the praise of all who would encourage the study of those great men, the giants of the church, whose writings will be their monuments, while time and the English language shall endure. For profundity of thought, acquaintance with his subject, discrimination and correctness of judgment, accuracy and fullness of expression, and sober depth of practical application, he was eminently remarkable. No man of ancient or modern times ever reached the standard at which Barrow arrived; nor will the writings of any other afford so much solid instruction and useful meditation as his are calculated to convey to the mind. We wish not to depreciate the merits of others of our old divines, of whose excellencies, at a proper time, we shall not be backward in declaring our sentiments, but in this eminently gifted and learned man, we meet with so many valuable qualities associated together, that we cannot but recommend the daily study of his works, persuaded of the extremely beneficial tendency of such an application, both as to preachers themselves and the people among whom they exercise their ministrations.

While considering the present state of the English church, we have often lamented that greater attention is not paid to the fathers of that church, whose sound learning and deep knowledge are qualities well calculated to raise the character of our clergy. It is true, there appears no just reason for particular complaint, as to the general state of the church in respect of literature and religion; the great body of her ministers, doubtless, reflect honour on the establishment of which they are the members, and many, very many, of them, as they are the glory of their private circles, so have they thrown a lustre round the subjects which have come under their consideration. If the church, as compared with the great intellectual movement of our day, has not proportionably increased in learning and knowledge, yet, as compared with other periods of her own history, she must be acknowledged to have improved in both those particulars; to have increased her intellectual energies, and the mental strength by which she may obtain, in connection with the prosecution of her pious and high objects, that spiritual rule over the people, which is necessary for the execution of the purpose for which she exists. But, however high ground the church may occupy, at the present day, there is doubtless a wide, an immeasurable distance interposed between the compositions of her present ministers, and those of the olden time. To what is this to be attributed? Is it that the natu-

ral powers of her ministers are less than formerly? Then would the difference appear in the compositions of other individuals, beside divines. Is the facility, and mode of education of our clergy less favourable to the bringing out and expansion of the intellectual faculties? Surely not. Is the priestly office less honourable than formerly, so that individuals of enlarged and comprehensive minds will not assume it? This ought not to be the case. Perhaps the cause is partly to be attributed to the clergy themselves, who, though as a body, are not behind those of a preceding age, are not so careful as they should be to dig deep into the mines of ancient learning and the Holy Scripture, that they may obtain precious ore, which they may work into sterling and valuable works, fit to be 'known and read of all men'; who satisfy themselves with too superficial views of human condition and character, when they might and should watch more narrowly the actual situation and circumstances of mankind, and examine the springs of human conduct and the tendency of human actions; who too hastily form their opinion and judgment, and appear too fearful of trusting the workings of their own minds, whithersoever they may lead. In our day, among the clergy, and indeed not of the English church only, there is altogether a too great carelessness and indifference—the most important things are not viewed in their true light; and with many it is not, perhaps, very material whether error or truth be propagated. The more zealous spend their strength, which would otherwise be consumed in their studies, in diving into the depths of theological science, in well meant, and, to a limited degree, highly useful endeavours to awaken the land to activity, in spreading the knowledge of divine truth over the habitable globe, or in various other plans of benevolence. It is not our business to inquire now, whether the time is thus better employed than in another way; but we do think that the loss of such compositions as are delivered down to us from our fathers may be accounted for, in the manner we have mentioned; and, until a change take place, and more attention and time be given to the proper pursuits of clergymen, we cannot expect an alteration.

Inadvertently, we have been led into a current of remark far from our original intention; now we return to the work on our table, which consists of seven discourses of Barrow, prefaced with an essay of some length, written in a sensible and generally judicious strain, explaining the cause of their re-appearance, and also combating a dangerous sentiment against which they are directed. It appears that Mr. Brougham, whose efforts to enlighten and improve the condition of the people of our land are above our praise, sometime ago insinuated, or rather boldly declared, the *irresponsibility of man for his belief*. His words are these: 'the great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control.' Henceforth, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change, than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature.' So dangerous a sentiment thrown out by so high a public character, was well calculated to call forth an able pen in its confutation, especially supported

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as it has been by an article in one of our chief reviews: and the author of this volume conceiving it pertinent to publish some sermons of Barrow on the subject, has wisely put his design in execution, to which, no doubt, he was the more induced, by the circumstance of Barrow having been quoted, or rather misquoted, in defence of the doctrine it is the object of this volume to controvert. The question, is man responsible for his belief? is one worthy of the deepest consideration, and on the resolution of which depend consequences involving his interests for time and eternity. If man be *not* responsible, the flood gates of infidelity are at once opened, and scenes might be repeated in our land, the very reading of the occurrence of which, in a neighbouring country, not many years ago, makes us shudder. It is only by the contrary supposition, the frame of society can be held together; much more that the true worship of God can remain established, the rewards of vice and virtue secured. We have not room to enter into the discussion of this subject, so far as to give a fair view of what has been and can be urged on it; but, persuaded of its magnitude, how deep it lies at the foundation of Christianity itself, we earnestly intreat our readers will attentively peruse this very cheap and excellent little volume before they receive such an erroneous opinion, by whomsoever propagated. It appears to us there is peculiar need, at the present day, to keep watch around the sacred temple of God's truth, lest its foundations should be sapped or undermined, and the house as surely fall as if it had been openly attacked by a multitude of mighty foes. We are friends to many of the measures of men who promulgate occasionally sentiments of which we cannot approve; but we can distinguish between what is good, and what we conceive would be prolific in destruction and misery to our land and her best interests; and while we speak favourably of the one, nothing shall prevent our boldly declaring against the other. Our Chronicle, we have the pleasure to know, is received into and read by very many families, and it shall not be the medium of insinuating deadly poison under the mask of truth; on the contrary, it shall ever raise the standard of truth against that of error, and be the means of implanting pure principles, which may guide the thoughts and actions of multitudes for years to come.

A Practical Essay on Stricture of the Rectum, Illustrated by Cases. By FREDERICK SALMON, Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Aldersgate Street, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1828. Whittaker.

It is rather a remarkable circumstance that, in the present advanced state of medical and surgical knowledge, so little attention should be paid to the disease in question, *viz.* stricture of the rectum. The consequence is this, that patients frequently labour under it, without its being detected, and when it is, practitioners generally believe it to be difficult of cure. This is not the case, as Mr. Salmon, in the present work, clearly proves, by several well marked cases accompanied with judicious observations, that this disease is of very frequent occurrence, inducing other important affections; and, what is more interesting to the unfortunate patient, that the art of surgery affords us adequate means

of effecting its removal in its primary stages, and in the more advanced admits of alleviation, provided the remedies are judicious and scientifically applied.

Mr. Salmon, we are glad to perceive, has directed the attention of medical men to this important and ultimately dangerous disease, we therefore recommend his work to that class of persons, for whose information it was written, and more especially to students.

Petit Dictionnaire des Difficultés de la Langue Française. Par H. Cornillon. 18mo. pp. 177. Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

This little volume is in many respects perfectly similar to a work which we noticed a short time since, but we are not disposed to bestow upon it so large a portion of approbation. The arrangement is decidedly inferior, and the style occasionally faulty. In the opening address to the reader we find, 'On prie donc le lecteur, s'il désire de parler, &c.' which if not absolutely ungrammatical, is at least inelegant;—it being more correct to say, 'désirer faire une chose,' than 'désirer de faire,' &c. It is certainly essential that a book which professes to point out the niceties of a language, should in itself be a model of accuracy.

Allen's History of London. Vol. II. London, 1828. Cowie and Co.

To the first volume of this valuable work, we paid such attention as we conceived its various merits to deserve. The present abounds with information of equal interest, and brings the history and antiquities of London, Westminster, Southwark, and the adjacent parts, down to our own day. There are gorgeous accounts of feastings, ceremonies, &c., no doubt as correct in detail as they are collectively imposing; no fact of importance connected with the subject-matter is omitted; and, as a history, we believe the work will be found complete and interesting. With this volume are given some copious indexes and excellent engravings.

Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of Rome, with Questions for Examination at the End of each Chapter. By ROBERT SIMPSON. Eighth edition, 12mo. pp. 299. Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of England, &c. with a Continuation till 1828, to which is added a Chapter on the British Constitution. By ROBERT SIMPSON. Eighth edition, 12mo. pp. 377. Edinburgh, 1828. Oliver and Boyd.

THESE valuable little school books seem to have met with the success they so well deserve, as we have now the eighth edition of them before us. The History of Rome is rendered more valuable by an outline of the ancient geography of Italy and a good map of that country,—and the chapter on the British constitution is a useful addition to the History of England, which is brought down to the battle of Navarino. The very moderate price of these volumes must materially assist their circulation.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age, No. I. New Series. Westley and Davis.

THOUGH this work is not very descriptive of the manners of the age, it has long been welcome to a considerable class of the public. The new series is distinguished by the same religious feeling and literary talent which has marked the former volumes.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Gedichte, von Ludwig Uhland 3te. Auflage, 8vo. Stuttgart, 1826. Imported by Treutel & Co.

THE poetry of Germany, more, perhaps, than any other part of her literature, has attracted to it the admiration and delight of other countries. From the *Niebelungen*, and the *Minnesinger*, down to the illustrious Goethe, the living patriarch of German literature—the stores are inexhaustible, and all these too, belong to a nation whose attainments in science and in philosophy, are commensurate with her eminence in the walks of imagination. Among her poets—the sublime and devout Klopstock; the impassioned and eloquent Schiller; the ever-fertile and felicitous Goethe; the manly, virtuous, and truly lyrical F. Stolberg; the tender and melancholy Höltz; the imaginative and exquisitely-elegant Matthiessen,—not to speak of an host of others, of nearly equal or inferior fame, form an assemblage of illustrious names that shed immortal honour on the land of their birth, and powerfully invite to the study of a literature so rich and cultivated. Till very recently, however, England has been accustomed to treat the *literature*, as well as the manners and customs of other nations, with too great contempt. Justly proud of our own immortal writers, we have been content to remain ignorant of the genius and masterpieces of foreign countries. Other nations have not been so unjust to England in this respect, and shall we not repay the obligation, and endeavour to transplant their wit and genius, their patriotism and eloquence, into our native tongue, as a tribute to their glory, and an incentive to ourselves in the path of fame? Since the peace, indeed, our roving countrymen, having explored every nook of Europe, not to speak of the other three quarters of the globe, one grand impediment to our knowledge of foreign literature has been removed. Tourists, of all qualities and capacities, have inundated us with reports on the manners and customs, the statistics, the finance, the natural productions, &c. of the people among whom they sojourned, but, unfortunately, the greater part have had but little relish for inquiries into the poetry or the drama of their outlandish friends, and so our knowledge on these points, as regards the greater portion of the recent literature of the continent of Europe, is very deficient; nor, indeed, till a larger body of men find it for their interest to supply the reading public here with such information, will our literary enjoyments from foreign sources find great enlargement. At the same time, we must not overlook the favourable symptoms that point to a growing relish, on the part of the public, for foreign literature. Two quarterly journals, solely devoted to it, cannot fail to do much in this generous traffic of thought. Should our growing intercourse with the Continent suffer no interruption, we may thus soon expect to be put in possession of much of the rich treasures from which we have been so long debarred. Already has a Bowring wandered over nearly all the flower-gardens of Europe, extracting sweets from every clime; from the frozen regions of the north, as well as from the orange-bowers of the south: in this wide excursion he has exhibited to us the exultation of a hope, and the ardour of a patriotism; the soft breathings of

love, and the deepest notes of despair; all the feelings of man, and all the aspects of nature in their ever-changing and ever-enchanting hues.

Mr. B., however, has not yet, we believe, published any specimens of German poetry, for which we are not a little sorry; as in no hands could it have met with greater justice, while this poetry, in particular, is admirably adapted to his purpose from the beauty and variety of its national lyrics. The Germans, from whatever cause it arises, appear more eminently successful in short compositions, such as the song or the ballad. The fervency of their genius seems to forsake them beneath the weight of an epic, while in the short and impassioned effusion they are admirable, and, in the ballad, often unrivaled.

The volume, at the head of our paper, is by one who has furnished no slight accessions to the literature of his country in the latter department. Some of his songs, as we shall see, were written during the struggle for the expulsion of the French from Germany, and powerfully contributed to fan the sacred fire of freedom, being sung with enthusiasm, both by old and young, during that eventful period. His poetry is distinguished by great delicacy and beauty,—by a passionate admiration of nature,—and a romantic spirit of love and chivalry. His genius more decidedly leads him to the national song or the ballad, than to any other species of composition; and here he is eminently successful. Simplicity and harmony of expression, and deep feeling, qualities which more or less distinguish all the finest national songs of the Germans, embellish also the lyric muse of Uhland. We had almost omitted to mention that Mr. U. was born in 1787, and is an advocate at Stuttgart. For a considerable time past, he has forsaken the fields of original composition, and occupied himself with researches into the ancient poetry of Germany.

In such brief snatches of song as the following, the echo of his lyre long resounds through the bosom,—

NIGHT.

Reclining on a linden's breast,
I turn my longing sight—
Where stands my home, in lovely rest—
A vision of delight!
To heaven I then lift up my gaze,
And mark the cloudy night;
Ah! far beyond this gloomy haze
The full-moon walks in light!

Or THE VALE OF REST.
When in the last faint light of eve
The golden clouds speed by,
And Alps on Alps their masses heave—
Oft then, with tearful eye,
I ponder if their depths among—
That rest may be—I've sought so long!

TIDINGS FROM AFAR.

Here let me rest, 'neath this beechen tree;
How sweetly the birds are singing!
They thrill my heart with their boundless glee;
And how of our plighted love know ye—
Such far-away tidings bringing?
Here let me rest—o'er the fountain bent,
Where the flowers with bloom are laden;
Who rear'd you here, and such fragrance lent,
Are ye too a soft remembrance sent—
Afar—from my dearest maiden?

SPRING-REST.

O, lay me not in the gloomy tomb,
Away from the earth and its fragrant bloom!
But should my grave be already made,
The grass shall rustle above my head.

Mid grass and flowers 'tis sweet to lie,
When a far-off lute breathes through the sky,
And when above the clouds take wing,
In the glowing light of an early spring.

SONG OF A GERMAN MINSTREL.

(On the expulsion of the French from Germany.)

In former days my singing

By turns was grave or gay;

Now ancient story ringing—

Now Love and Song and May:

But now that strain is ended;

I think it all but shame;

The war-shield's clang is blended

With the cry—"Our country's fame!"

Of old they tell in story,

Of ladies' favours bound,

Until released with glory

By many a mortal wound;—

And so I lay in slavery

The muse—and all delight;

Till I have serv'd with bravery

My country—as her knight.

And should I not be born

To deeds of knightly fame—

The Muses will not scorn

To smile upon my name.

O might I yet with glory

My country's triumph sing,—

How all in after story,

This holy war should ring!

The picturesque in Uhland's poems is partly derived from inanimate nature, and partly from the costume of ordinary life. Landscape-poetry without passion is like a wood whose leaves have no motion. In nature there is no affectation of feeling, and the slightest sigh betrays the depth and fullness of emotion within. In like manner, Uhland's soul displays its workings in his Spring-Songs. What endless enjoyment is depicted in Spring-Rest! What exuberance of delight is produced by the whispered breathings of his muse! Such brief effusions seem to have escaped him at those happy moments when the feelings of the heart overpower the activity of the imagination, and leave the poet mute. We now conclude with some longer specimens from his ballads and songs:—

SONG.

Upon the highest mountain,
Could I but stand with thee,
And down on vale and fountain
Together glancing, see;
Then while the heavens were clearest
And earth and ocean shine—
O, could I whisper—"dearest—
All this is mine and thine!"
O, in my bosom peeping,
Couldst thou, my love, but see
Where all the songs are sleeping
The muse has given to me;
Then would the love I hold thee
Be known to thee as me;
And how—though never told thee—
That heart but beats for thee!

THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER SONG.

O, winter! gloomy winter!
How narrow is the earth!
Thou crowd'st us all in the corners—
Around the household hearth.
Whene'er I visit Mary,
My fair one, at her home,
Scarce out of the narrow window
Her peeping head can come.
And should I summon courage,
And boldly go within,
She sits by her father and mother,
And scarce a glance I win.
O, summer! lovely summer!
How boundless seems the earth!

The higher I climb the mountain,
The wider thy scene of mirth.
And when on the rocks I see thee,
O, dearest! I call so clear,
Till the vallies re-echo under—

Though none save thee can hear;
And then enclasp'd to my bosom,
On high where the sunbeams glow—
We gaze afar o'er creation,
Unseen in the vale below.

THE POET'S EVENING WALK.

When in the evening's radiance straying,
How glows the poet's raptur'd dream!
His loit'ring footsteps still delaying
To gaze upon the sinking beam:
His spirit to Elysium soaring,
Within the temple's gates can see
Where all that's holy is adoring—
And Heaven exalts his fantasy;
But when the place of glory mourns,
With gloomy clouds on clouds o'erspeeding,
His path is closed—he homeward turns
On scenes of wonder ever feeding.
All soft emotions crowd his breast;
The power of song then hovers o'er him;
The light that then illum'd the west
In gloomiest times will beam before him.

NIGHT JOURNEY.

On a gloomy path I now must go,—
Nor moon nor stars above me glow,—
The chilly breezes facing;
Oft have I pass'd this very way
When the sunbeam smil'd, with golden ray,
The list'ning winds caressing.
Through the gloomy garden as I stray,
No sound is heard but the wither'd spray—
No sound but the leaflets falling;
'Twas here I wont, in the summer hours,
With her I loved, to haunt the bowers,
Love all around us calling.
But now that light is chang'd to gloom,
And fled the rose's lovely bloom,
The grave my love's clasping;
On a gloomy path I fearful go—
Without a ray in the wintry snow,—
My mantle round me grasping.

THE POET'S DREAM.

On hills of roses sleeping,
I left the beaten strand;
On wings of fancy sweeping
Through golden fairy land.
With transport wide awaking—
As if from Eden's choir—
I saw,—my side forsaking,
A minstrel with his lyre.
'Mong thickets disappearing,
Even yet its echoes swim;
Was this what I was hearing
So raptur'd in my dream?

ORIGINAL.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES
No. VI.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

" — If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly while thou'rt blessed and
free."—TIMON OF ATHENS.
THE Palais Royal of Paris, which contains
much that affords amusement, but more that
excites disgust, was commenced by Cardinal
Richelieu when in the full-blown plenitude of
his power, and when his arrogance ruled over
the mildest and most timid monarch that ever
sat on the throne of Hugues Capet. It was
then styled the Palais Cardinal, and was the
resort of all the learned and noble men of
Europe, who flocked thither to pay homage
to its crafty master, "the old cat of Nar-
bonne." There, amidst the revelry of fetes

and the excitements of pleasure, many a plan was projected that had for its basis the aggrandizement of its author, and the degradation of that author's sovereign, and many an act signed that condemned to an ignominious death the personal friends of Louis XIII., who had not sufficient power of mind to stand up against the superior intellect of his minister, and assume to himself the right of life and death over his own subjects. Long did the 'king's king' (another of Richelieu's surnames) enjoy, like Wolsey, the royal graces showered on him daily, and, unlike Wolsey, continued in the almost uninterrupted enjoyment of them till death. The latter died a prisoner, disgraced and deserted; the former sank into the arms of the destroyer with Louis attendant at his side, administering the remedies ordered by the faculty, and, as the good monarch charitably supposed, soothing the last moments of his servant by repeated assurances of unalterable esteem; it is said the ambitious prelate smiled as he witnessed the sway which even in utter helplessness he held over his forgiving and injured master. At one period when Richelieu's star was low in the ascendant, and his enemies had succeeded in awaking the sovereign to some sense of his situation, the cardinal found himself compelled to retire from office, and with absolute insolence prayed the king to accept, as a pure gift, the *Palais* which he had erected at his sole expense; Louis, in his amazement, consented, and, when it was subsequently inhabited by his consort, Anne of Austria, and Louis XIV. then in his minority, it lost its distinguishing appellation of *Palais Cardinal*, and was honoured with that of *Palais Royal*. It descended to the brother of *Le Grand Monarque*, and at length became the property of Philip, the infamous Duke of Orleans, by whom it was considerably embellished and enlarged; it is now occupied by the present highly popular Duke of Orleans. The public are well acquainted with the scenes which rendered this building notorious during the reign of terror, the excesses which M. Egalité sanctioned, and the savage barbarity which characterised the crowds whom his treachery misled. I may as well notice here, that in all works purporting to give histories or descriptions of the French revolution, we are surfeited with accounts of the sanguinary enormities of the sans-culottes and the crimes of the populace, while we remain uninformed of the deep depravity and iniquity of the aristocracy that had for ages 'been poisoning the soil with their vices, and at last reaped the harvest that might be expected from their toils.' The bloody deeds of a day are blazoned forth for public execration, while the veil of oblivion is thrown over the privileged classes and their unutterable vices, (shrouded from exposure only by their enormity,) which at length brought down a deluge of blood on the land cursed and polluted by such iniquities. Well may it be supposed that the *parc-au-cerf* of that right legitimate Louis XV., was sufficient alone to raise up a whole nation of regicides, and to make every father and husband an assassin, whose soul was not sufficiently base to qualify him for a pander. There are but few events of greater importance among the memorabilia of the *Palais Royal* than the murder of poor Michel Lepeletier, one among the few who voted conscientiously for the death of Louis XVI.:

on the evening of the last day of the king's trial, Lepeletier was dining at *le café Février*, when he was accosted by a man of the name of Paris, who asked him if his name were Lepeletier; on being answered in the affirmative, 'then,' said Paris, 'you were concerned in the king's trial; for what did you vote?' — 'For death!' replied Lepeletier, 'I believed him guilty, and recorded my vote against him.' Paris instantly drew forth a concealed dagger, and stabbed him to the heart, exclaiming, 'Villain! receive thy reward!' Lepeletier was only in the thirty-second year of his age, when he thus fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of liberty.

In these days, when every one has seen Paris, it would be a work of supererogation to describe this its most celebrated ornament, with its *jet d'eau* in the form of a *fleur-de-lis*, its one hundred and eighty arcades, its jewellers, tailors, shoemakers, money-changers, booksellers, milliners, grisettes, and cyprians; here may be found all that the eye can seek after, or the heart wish for; silks from Smyrna and spices from Amboyna; cigars from the Havannah and dates from Lasha; diamonds from Golconda, rubies from Brazil, turquoisees from Siberia and Teheran, and the genuine *eau de Cologne* from the manufactory of Jean Jacques Farina. Yezdik-haust is not more famous for its bread, Sheeraz for its wine, nor Yezd for the bright eyes of Nature's best gift, than is the *Palais Royal* for all the luxuries that gold can purchase; Rocknabad cannot boast a stream so clear as the *fontaine*, nor Mosellay a bower so sweet as the *pavillon*; Istambol affords no better sherbet, nor Lebanon offers more agreeable ices. The chief and best known attraction of this temple of delights is Very's *restaurant*, whose proprietor is the prince of cooks, who would have proved a treasure to Apicius, who is not second even to the great Vatel, and who, compared with Ude, is 'Ossa to a wart.' The life of the first of the Verys was exhausted in inventing new dishes and stimulants to enjoy them; he, by the mysteries of his art, gave renewed vigour to the fainting appetite, and added many an exquisite enjoyment before unknown to the most refined voluptuary; with meagre materials he effected mighty things, he could almost satisfy hunger through the sense of smelling, and make his guests live, like the birds of Paradise, upon the ethereal breath of flowers. It is true he could not set before them the tongues of flamingoes, (the favourite dish of Apicius,) the roasted crane of Nassidiens, or combs torn from the living cock; (one of the most savoury repasts of that great glutton, Heliogabalus,) but he could treat their palate with *macaroni au parmesan*, cutlets in curl paper, and the most delicious geese that ever died with the liver complaint. Pliny tells us that the Romans were acquainted with fifty different ways of cooking pork; but this boast of Rome sinks into insignificance, when we think of the land that has taught us six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs! What were their heads of ostriches to Very's pâté of larks; their storks, their tongues of nightingales, their puppy dogs, and camels' udders, to the combination of delicacies which may be discovered in Perigueux pies! pies which, like chronometers, are warranted to go well in all climates; may be sent to the north pole, and return all the better for the voyage; or be first cut at

Valparaiso, again partaken of at Trinidad, once more tasted at the Azores, and at length consumed in London. Let us then hear no more of scurvy, and less of sauer-kraut; let us eat and be thankful, and no longer wonder at the inscription on the tomb of the immortal cook at Montmartre, which tells us that his whole life was consecrated to the useful arts! Were I not afraid of wearying the gentle reader, (heaven bless the days of the Grandsons, when novels were in fifteen volumes!) I would treat him with a philippic against tea, tell him how I hate the morning and evening repast of scandal juice and toast, how I abominate—

Te veniente die, te decedente.

But jam satis of Very, though, as Hood says, there is no satis to his jams, and let us look in at 253; I am not sure that this number should not be corrected to 213, but the difference is but of trifling import; at one of these numbers is the principal gambling house of the Palais; there are two hazard-rooms, one for *roulette*, the other for *rouge et noir*; around the table dedicated to the latter game, was seated a mingled company of old and young of either sex; the majority well dressed, and, I must confess, to all appearance, well pleased; a few had cards before them, on which they pricked the chances, and calculated on their play accordingly. That a punter does not win his first stake, is, of course, an equal bet; and that he does not win six successive times, is sixty-three to one, according to the table of odds: yet I saw a punter win, by varying the colour twelve or thirteen times without interruption, and I well recollect, that by his astonishing success, I was induced to think I might escape fortune's daughter with the same luck that he did; and it was not until I had lost five napoleons that I began to discover that I was a tyro in the gamester's arithmetic, and to imagine that I had paid quite sufficient for my first lesson. What envy and malice came over me as I watched the successful player sweeping his winnings into a small canvass bag, and tempting fortune again and again, without meeting a repulse to his temerity: I sighed, and walked towards the roulette table, at which I remained about half an hour, amused with looking on, and remarking the various changes of countenance, as the numbers proved favourable or adverse; I then asked for my hat, and descended the well-worn staircase, heartily regretting (*horresco referens*) the broad gold pieces I had left behind me. I shortly after entered the Milles Colonnes, capped to the *limonadière*, received one of her sweetest smiles in return, took an ice, and again made my way into the garden, threaded its mazes, thinking unutterable things, and at last reduced to gaze at Ursa Major and look on Orion's Belt, (the brightest ornament in a winter's sky,) for want of thought. I had not been five minutes thus engaged, and was leaning against the palisade, near the cannon which, on every bright day, at noon, is fired by the rays of the sun, when the near report of a pistol created a sudden alarm amongst those who were walking about the spot where I stood: we ran towards the place from whence the noise came, and found a man weltering in his blood; his hat lay at a small distance from him; his head, as he fell, had struck against the marble circle of the basin; and his hand grasped a morocco pocket-book with

gold clasps, and a small canvass bag. I assisted those who stood near the body to remove it towards the Galerie de Bois, and I shall never forget the sensation I experienced when, on looking at the face, I discovered the features of the successful gamester; successful he had been while I was in the room; the canvass bag emptied of its contents, and his present condition told too plainly how the game had gone after I left. There was nothing in the appearance of the suicide that denoted penury or unhappiness. His costume was that of a retired officer; a blue military undress frock, with the ribband and cross of the legion of honour appending to a button-hole; a hat à la Bolivar; light black pantaloons; hessians; a riding whip, mounted in gold, with an amber head; a pair of kid gloves, on which, with some surprise, I remarked the word 'Dundee'; and white cravat of batiste, marked A. A. V. He was of that age at which any one might reasonably suppose he was married; or he might have a mother, or sister, or some aged relative depending on him for support. Alas! where was their hope now? where was the husband and father? where was the son, the brother, the benefactor, at whose coming the old had wept, and the young smiled? where was the prop of age, the hope of youth, where the delight of both?—Dead! and by his own hand; an assassin, the worst of murderers, for he had done that which left no time for repentance; he had forgotten that the Everlasting had fixed his canon against self-slaughter, and had rushed with all his sins upon his head into the presence of an offended Deity! The body was removed, by order of the commissary of police, to La Morgue, and was owned the day after by some relative, I think, a cousin.

I remember a story was in circulation at this time concerning a soldier of the king's body guard, (every member of which is noble,) who, besides immense gains, had broken the bank at Frescati's, in the Rue de Richelieu, three times in one week. Such unusual good fortune on the part of the 'man at arms' had excited great rancour in the breasts of the proprietors of the table, and they determined to do all they could, not only to regain possession of the sums they had lost, but also to ruin him who had won them. It happened that the young life-guardsman was ordered to Lyons, on which orders coming to the ears of the great men of Frescati's, they resolved to send down a certain number of agents to that city, to establish a hazard-table and decoy their intended victim to his ruin. The success of their plans exceeded their hopes; he played, lost his winnings; borrowed from his friends, and lost; and at length made free with the money which belonged to the regiment, and passed through his hands; this soon went too. He awoke to the full sense of his situation; to the loss of his honour; and to his unworthiness of wearing the maiden sword he had never fleshed. Ashamed to appear before his superiors, and unable to account, in a satisfactory way, for the deficiencies in the *caisse* of his brother soldiers, he died the gamester's death, by shooting himself in a field near Lyons, on the very morning he was to have been married to a young lady, who, when the dreadful event was communicated to her, lost her senses, and died with her reason wrecked, at her father's residence, near Bordeaux.

This is a dark picture, and happy it is that its shades are relieved by tints of greater brightness: the gaming tables are patronised by government; their agents are in the pay of the legislature; the concern is farmed out, is sown, and grown, and flourishes under the auspices of those who are 'chiefs in the land,' and who are themselves voluntary victims to the Leviathan which they might render harmless, but which now destroys the repose of the innocent, and enables the guilty to defy the justice which should overtake crime. Let us take a picture of the Palais Royal in another point of view; let us forget even Verry's, the gambling-houses, and the lottery-offices; and look at the many happy faces that traverse its boundary between the rise and set of sun; the pretty grisettes,—

'Rather eatable things these grisettes, by the by,' tripping with quick step and light heart, with their hair à la Grecque, and a dress that would shame the best attired woman in the three kingdoms; for it cannot be concealed that our fair sisters are far behind their Parisian friends in the art of setting off the person to the best advantage; though, for our own side, we must claim precedence for our superiority in cutting a coat, or for our dexterity in shaping unmentionables, so as to express emphatically to the world that we have no license from the pope to wear the thick part of the calf downwards. With all its drawbacks, who can help loving the fairy land of cookery and *gourmandise*, where the heavens rain baked meats, and larks fall from the sky ready roasted? or, who amongst us would object to live in this—

—' Land of Coeaigne,
This Elysium of all that is friend and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret
for rain,
And the skaters in winter show off on cream
ice ?'

J. D.—N.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER:

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN every other eye is sleeping;
The widow'd mother, slumberless,
O'er her infantile boy is weeping,
With pallid cheek and loosen'd tress.
The mother's eyes, with weeping, dim,
Now gazed upon that lovely child;
And as she breathed a prayer for him,
He softly slept and sweetly smil'd.
Ah! little know'st thou of the woe
That rends in twain thy mother's breast;
Who weeps—yet fears a tear may flow
Upon thy cheek to break thy rest.
No father in his arms shall fold thee,
Nor watch thy dawning reason's light;
No father's eye shall e'er behold thee;
No father's voice shall breathe delight.
Sleep on, dear child, I still can bless
That Heaven which of thy sire bereft me;
Nor bow the adoring knee the less,
Since thou, my fondest hope, art left me.
Sleep on, dear child, that placid sleep
Never thy mother's eye may close;
Her only task to watch and weep,
Whilst thou dost sink in soft repose. R. M.

NECROLOGY.

MR. HENRY NEELE.

A SUDDEN and entire breaking up of the intellectual faculties is, unfortunately, of too common occurrence, particularly among those

who are endowed with the bright but fatal gift of genius. Excited,—absorbed,—devoured by the intensity of their emotions,—surrounded frequently by real evils, to which they have a peculiar disposition to superadd others born only of the imagination: it cannot be just matter of surprise that reason should be occasionally vanquished in the unequal conflict, and that he who has been the delight of thousands, should become the victim of his own ardent and over-excited feelings.

To many instances of this lamentable fatality, with which recent years have teemed, we have to add one, the occurrence of which, in the case of Mr. Henry Neele, has afflicted us to an indescribable degree.

The fearful catastrophe which terminated the career of this esteemed and amiable man, has been fully stated by the newspapers; and we are happy in being thus spared the necessity of more than simply adverting to its appalling features. That he should have been so taken from us at the precise period when his friends were rejoicing in the increased fame acquired by the publication of his *Romance of History*, tends in no slight degree to heighten the distress occasioned by his deplorable fate. Previous to the appearance of the work, we have just mentioned, Mr. Neele had distinguished himself by several volumes of beautiful lyrics, dramatic sketches, &c. many of which were recently collected, and published in two volumes, with a portrait of the author,—a work which will now be sought and perused with painful interest. Our opinion of this collection was recorded in the last volume of *The Literary Chronicle*, and about the same time mention was made of it in one of the letters of our distinguished contributor, Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq. Mr. Neele is also known in the literary world by an edition of *Shakspeare*, with commentaries which display considerable critical acumen; and by a series of Lectures on Poetry, delivered at the Russell Institution, which display much acquaintance with the early English poetry, and great elegance of style.

The Annuals and *The Literary Chronicle* were occasionally honoured by Mr. Neele's communications. We have had the pleasure of first presenting to the public, some of his sweetest lyrics, and among them the Anacreontic written at Dijon, which has been universally admired. As a specimen of the vivacity and elegance of Mr. Neele's prose essays, we may be allowed to refer to his *Confessions of a Short Gentleman*, inserted in No. 377 of *The Literary Chronicle*, in which he playfully describes the annoyances to which the diminutive are liable. His poetical contributions to our columns were usually distinguished by his initials, H. N. We may be enabled to add some interesting particulars to this hasty notice, which we cannot conclude without remarking, that its subject was the last individual in the world to whose existence we could have dreamt of so tragical a termination. Among his friends he was distinguished for an elegant gaiety of disposition, for many excellent companionable qualities, and for a flow of animal spirits and colloquial wit, that rendered his society a high intellectual treat to all who had the happiness of enjoying it.

THE FADED ROSE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIROLAMO PRETI.

Go to the maid I love,—haste pallid rose,
Thou'rt the last thankless gift I send to her;
Since her cold heart disdains to hear my woes,—
Haste with my dying breath, my am'rous mes-
senger!

Late I beheld thee blushing in health's bloom,
As from her lips the crimson hue arose;
But now death's paleness speaks thy early doom,
Well canst thou now my cruel wrongs disclose,
And should she deign to cast one glance on thee,
Tell her that fast I'm drooping to the tomb;—
Like thy own withering leaves, to dark eternity!
Then if she grieve to mark thy faded hue,
Tell her thy wonted charms she may renew,—
Bath the fragrant relic in the tears of me!

E. I.

FINE ARTS.

The Dancing Bear. Painted by WITHERINGTON, engraved by H. MEYER. Moon, Boys, and Co.

MR. WITHERINGTON'S Bear has afforded us much pleasant amusement, both in the original and in this admirable print. We, however, do not perfectly approve of the mixture of dotted and line manner which has been adopted by Mr. M. Nor can we see the propriety of dotted skies and faces, which gives an unpleasant softness, especially to the latter, decidedly destroying the keeping of the work by the inevitably abrupt transition from one style to the other. Among the figures which interested us more than others, we may notice the bear-leader and the performer on the pipe and tabour, and the group of children striving to get out of Bruin's way. We feel pleasure in adding that, as a whole, few prints, both as to subject and execution, have gratified us more.

The Action in the Bay of Navarino. Painted and engraved by W. DANIEL. Ackermann.

WE may safely say that Mr. Daniel's work is as faithful a representation of the action which reflects so much lustre on the British flag, as representations of battles, whether by land or by sea, generally are. But in the execution there seems to be nothing made out,—nothing clearly defined,—nothing finished,—all is left to the imagination to fill up. Smoke reigns everywhere; and even the half rescued figures which are clinging to a raft or fragment of wreck in the fore-sea (we cannot say fore-ground with propriety) are completely obscured by being thrown into the shade of the smokey column which arises from the burning ship—the most striking object in the print.

The Spoiled Child. Painted by M. W. SHARP, engraved by PHILLIPS. Moon, Boys, and Co.

A Spoiled Child is an excellent subject for an artist, but it does not appear that Mr. Sharp has been so happy in the conception of this picture as he usually is. There is a deficiency of animation and variety of expression in the actors, and when a plain tale is to be told, we can dispense with hussar uniforms, satin dresses, richly-figured table-covers and Japan screens, in gothic saloons. The most animated figure in the group is the uncontrolled imp kneeling in a dessert plate, snatching the fruit. The action of the others is somewhat affected; it is, nevertheless, a clever performance, highly creditable both to the painter and engraver, and we have little doubt will be much esteemed by the public.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*King's Theatre*, Feb. 9. Otello, and Phyllis et Melibée.—12. Tancredi and Phyllis et Melibée.

Drury Lane, Feb. 8. A Day after the Wedding, Artaxerxes, and the Pantomime.—9. The Critic, The Haunted Inn, and the Pantomime.—11. Douglas, The Sultan, and the Pantomime.—12. The Critic, The Haunted Inn, and the Pantomime.—13. The Lord of the Manor, and the Pantomime.—14. The Critic, Killing No Murder, and the Pantomime.

Covent Garden, Feb. 8. The Merchant's Wedding and the Pantomime.—9. The Merchant's Wedding and the Pantomime.—11. Venice Preserved and the Pantomime.—12. The Merchant's Wedding and A Roland for an Oliver.—13. The Merchant's Wedding and the Pantomime.—14. The Merchant of Venice and the Miller and his Men.

English Opera House.—*Soirées Françaises*.—February 11. L'Aveugle de Claiens, L'Am-bassadeur, Les Inconvénients de la Diligence.—13. Les Rivaux d'eux mêmes, La Villa-geoise Somnambule, Les Deux Frécepteurs.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The engagement of Mathews has proved a most fortunate hit. The talents of this universal favorite, united to those of Liston and Jones, have drawn the most numerous audiences ever known to assemble within the walls of this capacious theatre; the house has literally overflowed on every night of their performance. This season we have repeatedly been delighted with the admirable acting displayed in the Critic; Mathews, as Sir Fretful, exhibits the most powerful and truly genuine comic acting; this exquisitely drawn character has but one fault—its extreme brevity; indeed we always see him quit the stage with regret.

COVENT GARDEN.—Kean made his first appearance, since his illness, on Thursday night in the character of Shylock. He seems to have entirely regained his physical and mental powers, and embodied this arduous and admirable creation of our immortal bard with all that fire and force of genius which is to be found in Kean and in Kean only.

While upon this subject we may as well observe, that we have heard and read with pleasure that the unhappy differences between this admirable actor and his son are at an end, and that the latter is now endeavouring to repair his ill-advised and premature introduction to the public by close study, under the best of all possible instructors—his father.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Monday evening we witnessed Mr. Planché's excellent drama, *Paris and London*, of the spirit and humour of which it is impossible to speak too highly. Equal praise must be extended to the performers as to the drama, with the sole exception of the very unlordly vulgarity of Mr. Elliott's Viscount Volatil. Messrs. Yates, Reeve, Benson Hill, and Wilkinson, were irresistibly droll. Mrs. Yates, as Viscountess Volatil was extremely fascinating, and reminded us of the early enthusiasm with which we once drank in the melody of her tones, and yielded to the magic of her smile, ere the pretty patrician name of Brunton was exchanged for that of Yates, and our hopes for despair.

On the same evening 'our ancient friend Don Juan' was resuscitated, and presented to us such as he appears in the early cantos

of Byron's singular poem. The intrigue with Julia, and the consequent flight from Cadiz, occupy the first act; the second exhibits the hero and Haidee in all the voluptuous enjoyment so congenially painted in the poem. From this blissful dream they are awakened by the arrival of Lambro the pirate, father of Haidee, by whose orders, after a brief contest, Don Juan is hurried on board ship to herd with other captives. The scene now abruptly changes to England, and in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, Pedrillo the tutor is discovered reading that chapter of Don Juan, in which it is stated, that 'the sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo!' He inserts a marginal note contradicting this assertion, and accounting for his present situation. Passing from the poem to a newspaper, he perceives an advertisement for an assistant in a ladies' school. On applying at the house named, the door is opened by Antonia, Donna Julia's maid, who, after much matter-of-course surprise, informs him that the school is kept by Don Alphonso and Donna Inez! He is engaged, and immediately after, Don Juan, in the disguise of a female, is led in by a Lady Longpurse. On discovering the worshipful society of which he is now a member, he throws off his feminine habiliments, and learning from Lady Longpurse that she is a wealthy widow, a match is instantaneously concluded, and the piece ends.

After this sketch it is unnecessary to say how meagre and evidently hurried an affair is the 'New Don Juan.' The spirit of the poem (in itself so essentially dramatic,) has been suffered to evaporate entirely, and we have a thing to which no designation can be given, and in which no interest can be felt. Mr. Yates was heavy and ungraceful as the hero; T. P. Cooke's Don Alphonso was a respectable picture of jealous imbecility; and the Pedrillo of Reeve was admirably conceived. The latter was encored in his farewell to the ladies of Seville, a parody on Isabel, which he sang with considerable taste and humour. Donna Inez found an able representative in Mrs. Tayleure, and the Julia of Miss Curtis was tolerably effective. Mrs. H. Hughes as Antonia, and Miss Taylor as Zoe were sufficiently arch and forward. Haidee was assigned to Miss Daly, who looked the character prettily, but had nothing set down for her, or had forgotten it all. Some of the scenery was good, a commendation which we cannot extend to the music,—the latter being tasteless, inappropriate, and hackneyed.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Soirées Françaises*.—*The Literary Chronicle* was the first among the English journals to call public attention to the French company, which, during the last month, have been playing at the English Opera House. The recommendation of the press had, at first, its due weight, and if the representations have latterly not been so numerously attended as formerly, the fault is in part to be imputed to the managers.

'To entice us to the English Theatre,' said Le Globe, of the English performers who last year made their debut at one of the first theatres in Paris, 'nothing less than the first-rate British productions will suffice. In comedy, as in tragedy, it is to Shakespeare that they must constantly recur; and if they wish to divest us of all idea of inequality

between the two classes, let them play frequently *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The First, or Second Part of Henry IV*; let them make us familiar with that most celebrated and diverting of comic characters, which Old England has ever produced—Falstaff. If some variation must be occasionally introduced, let them make choice of such authors as, next to Shakspeare, are most completely English—Farquhar, for instance, or even Congreve, if his Ultra-Britannic licentiousness can be tolerated. They must not deceive themselves, (continues Le Globe) it is not ourselves, nor our own theatre that we wish to meet with amongst our neighbours, it is the genius and manners of the English that we are desirous of studying.'

This advice, which, having been followed by our English actors in Paris, has procured them great public favor, we now, in our turn, address to the French comedians in London. They must recur incessantly to Molière, or, if some variation must be introduced, let them chuse such authors as, next to Molière, are most completely French: Regard, Destouches, Picard, and many others have left chef-d'œuvres well worthy of being seen and studied by us. But if, unfortunately, the company of Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié be unequal to first-rate performances, then—why then, we must direct our reproaches against those gentlemen themselves, who, having held out repeated promises of bringing forward actors of high talent, produce, generally speaking, none but the most mediocre ones.

Should this continue, the English Opera House must become less and less frequented, more especially if, as has been the case during the last month, instead of being treated occasionally with new pieces, the public is surfeited with the constant repetition of old vaudevilles, such as *L'Artiste*, *L'Ambassadeur*, *Le Duel*, *Le Bénéficiaire*. Only one novelty has been produced this season.—*La Somnambule Villageoise*, which was played, for the first time, at the English Opera House, on Wednesday evening last, is taken from a charming ballet, by M. Scribe, which was played, with the greatest success in Paris, about four months ago at L'Académie Royale de Musique.

To those who have seen this chef-d'œuvre of M. Scribe, the new vaudeville, may appear but a very mediocre imitation, which renders but imperfectly the grace, wit, and liveliness of the original: the dialogue is common-place, the songs vulgar, and the part of the simpleton, which has been added to the piece, would have been considered quite ridiculous, had it not been entrusted to the superior abilities of Perlet. Notwithstanding the faults of this vaudeville, it is in the highest degree interesting, and the plot is so piquant and dramatic that it must draw crowded audiences to the French theatre. Daudel played the part of the colonel (which he created in Paris) very respectably, and with much ease and frankness. Mademoiselle Lemery was very good as La Sommambule, and, for the first time since her debut, united the talents of a good actress and a tolerable singer. Madlle. Boquet makes a delightful coquettish widow, and Madame Daudel played the mother very creditably. Perlet's imbecility was really exquisite; but *le fiancé*, must study very hard before he will be equal to his part.

The vaudeville was preceded by a comedy of Pigault Lebrun's, *Les Rivaux d'eux-mêmes*,

which was extremely well played by Madame Daudel, who is so excellent a soubrette; by M. Daudel, who is generally deserving of praise, and by Madlle. Lely-Bourgois, whose youth merits some indulgence. Let Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié speedily reinforce their company by good actors, as they have promised, and present the public either with sterling plays or new vaudevilles, and instead of addressing remarks to them which may appear rather severe, we shall have pleasure in awarding them their fair meed of praise.

VARIETIES.

Edinburgh Students.—A petition to the royal commissioners for visiting the Scotch Colleges, by the students in that of Edinburgh, complains that, though most of them are strangers in Edinburgh, they have no church-accommodation allotted to them, except a portion of a gallery in Lady Yester's, which is quite inadequate to the purpose, and, besides, being under no sort of police, is open to the intrusion of all and sundry—the consequence of which is, that irregularities, unsuitable to the place, sometimes occur in it. They submit that better accommodation should be provided for them in the High Church, or some other church of the city.—*Edinburgh Post*.

City Concert.—The concert at Guildhall, on Thursday, for the benefit of the refugees was most numerously attended; so great was the pressure at one time that the managers had great difficulty in preserving order. The whole performance was excellent and gave entire satisfaction. Its judicious arrangements are principally attributed to Sir G. Smart and Mr. E. Taylor. The net profit of the concert is computed at £1000.

Printers' Pension Society.—A sermon will be preached to-morrow in the parish church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, and several of the aldermen, by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A. for the benefit of this laudable institution.

French Theatricals.—Twelve new pieces were acted in Paris during the month of January, viz. two comedies, two melo-dramas, seven vaudevilles, and a vaudeville opera. A new tragedy, from the pen of M. Lucien Arnault, has obtained great success at La Comédie Française. It is entitled *La Mort de Tibère*.—*Furet de Londres*.

Proposals for the formation of a new club, to be called 'The United Universities Club,' are in circulation; it is to be composed of gentlemen educated in any of the universities of the United Kingdoms. 'The University Club,' at present existing in the metropolis, is confined to the sons of Oxford and Cambridge, consists of 1100 members, and has, even with its restricted qualifications, more than 800 candidates for admission.

A modern writer, speaking of the Mahometan religion, says—

'The Koran throws such a degree of sacred mystery over the persons of the insane and idiots, that it secures for them the best offices of humanity, and immunity from all open insult, in the countries where the doctrines of Mahomet are the religion of the state.' But adds, 'I know of no country in the world where more attention has been paid to the comforts of those unhappy beings than in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Every city or town, of any note, has a distinct hospital for lunatics.'

Sir James M'Gregor presented to the Medico Botanical Society, at their last meeting on the 1st instant, an interesting and valuable collection of nearly 1000 specimens of plants from St. Vincent, arranged by Dr. Barclay. A communication was also received from the Horticultural Society of Paris, expressive of their desire to enter into correspondence with this institution, which was cordially received.—On the motion of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the thanks of the Society were voted to Sir James M'Gregor, their president, for the additional liberality he had that evening manifested, and for his constant attention to the best interests of the institution.

Loss of Life by Fire.—Mr. Hudson, of Cheapside, has issued a prospectus, with the view of forming a society for preventing the loss of life by fire, upon a principle of associating twenty volunteers in each square mile, who should be willing to render their assistance whenever called upon for a small remuneration. Every plan for the good of society, we wish to encourage, and if Mr. Hudson's plan cannot be carried into effect as a separate institution, we think it might well be incorporated with a system of police, or engrafted upon some of the parochial duties.

Catalani.—This celebrated vocalist has just purchased an hotel in the Chausée d'Antin, and intends fixing her residence in Paris.

Parental Foresight.—The Rajkoomars, a tribe of Upper India, said to amount to about 40,000, do not hesitate to avow their practice of putting all their female issue to death, by withholding all sustenance from them from the moment of their birth. The only reason they assign for this horrid custom is the expense of procuring suitable matches for their daughters if they allowed them to grow up.

Schelling.—Through the courtesy of a learned friend, we have been favoured with the following extract from a letter, written by a gentleman at Munich, giving an account of this celebrated metaphysician. 'Schelling is rather a littish man, much about the size of Moncrieff, the Scotch Advocate, and not unlike him in make and appearance, only the features somewhat magnified, larger eyes, larger mouth, and larger curved nose, grey hair, and a stronger voice, though also somewhat shrill. He reads slowly, and with remarkable distinctness and precision, pausing now and then to get breath, and to take snuff—

—which last, by the bye, is an almost universal practice here among the professors. His style is an iron style, with no superfluous ornament. He has many similes, it is true, but these are told in the firmest language, and no word or idea comes forward that has not its meaning. What he says, sometimes, excites violent laughter, but he himself never does more than smile. He has a very large number of hearers, many of them old people. He reads now for the first time in Munich, and, as he says himself, gives the first complete account of his philosophy. Hitherto he has been employed in giving a review of the systems of Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, and has said almost nothing about his own as yet. Last lecture he concluded with a short poem, written by himself several years ago, of which I would send you a copy, but I have not room here. He said at the end of his review of the system of Fichte:—'

'The philosophy of Fichte was like lightning, it

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showed itself only for an instant, but it kindled a fire which will burn for ever." I have not seen Schelling at his own house, for he has been much engaged, and seldom to be found since he came hither. Next Wednesday, I believe, I shall see him, and I will tell you all about him. I really believe I shall learn something of his philosophy, for I feel interested in it, and have many opportunities of meeting with people who understand it.'—*Edinburgh Post.*

MR. R. MONTGOMERY'S NEW POEM.
See *Literary Chronicle*, Nos. 455-6, pp. 65 & 85.

THERE is a certain class whose conduct eternally forces us on common-place observations, and compels a recurrence to those ancient saws, which, having originally resulted from shrewd observation of human nature, are susceptible of daily application. Thus, when we see poor Imbecility straining every nerve, and actually breaking its heart, to be first in a race for which it could never have been intended, and is in no way fitted, by its precipitancy only hurrying on the harder and the faster to perdition,—we are inevitably reminded of those whose evil destiny having once placed them on horseback, pushes them onward to the devil himself. When a miserable versifier, whose productions may be obtained for a few pence at any stall in London, metamorphoses himself into an ill-natured detractor from the merits of writers infinitely and in every way superior to himself, who can forget the process by which the worst beer is made into vinegar?

To continue a little longer in 'the man who' style, which, we repeat, is the only style for such subjects as the present—the world is never free from individuals who would rather 'rule in hell than serve in heaven,' and who, on the strength of their impudence, are continually thrusting themselves before the public eye. These men care not how offensively they act in society, so that they escape the punishment of its laws—elude the meshes of that net, by which less wily offenders are so often ensnared; they are of the order of perfumed and essenced rogues, whose cue it is to profess a nice sense of the code of honour, whilst they outrage, without hesitation, that of simple justice.

These remarks are forced from us by the aspersions of a journalist, who, having pirated half our title, as a means of attracting the attention of the public, last week, added to this injury a studied falsehood and a libel, for which the law will afford us reparation,—so far for our property. As far, too, as our reputation is concerned, the gentlemen who conduct this journal have not been idle; but as the monkey's tail becomes the more exposed, the higher he climbs, in the same degree is their weakness and absurdity exposed, by their impotent attempt to decry *The Literary Chronicle*.

The point upon which they have chosen to attack us, is our praise of Mr. Montgomery's new poem, which, they sneeringly observe, may induce him to relax his labours, 'lay aside his pen for the rest of his life, and repose under the shadow of his full grown laurels.' In the course of the review in *The Literary Chronicle*, it was

remarked of Mr. Montgomery, (to us unknown) that his 'thoughts and language are perfectly astounding,' and it is upon this single sentence that those recondite critics have fastened, carefully, however, blending it with other encomiums from *The Literary Gazette*, giving to the whole a colouring that is unworthy of any writer professing candour and liberality. But the reputation which *The Literary Chronicle* has obtained, from nine years' service in the cause of literature, may well excite their envy. Through this long period, neither party principles, nor private interest, nor pique, nor envy, have swayed it from the fair path of criticism, or induced it to revile for notoriety, or praise for ignoble self. We would not gain money any how. To obtain an honourable reputation by strict impartiality, inclining rather to aid rising merit by our cheers, than to crush it with undue severity, has been, and continues to be, the spirit in which we act—too plain and straight-forward, no doubt, for these reviewers; who, in their haste to censure, blunderingly proclaim, that *The Literary Chronicle* assures its readers 'that Mr. Montgomery's thoughts and language are perfectly astounding,' and then, with peculiar inconsistency, go on to prove—what? that this opinion, which they attempt to reprobate, is unfounded? No, the dolts! They immediately give several long quotations, by which they confound themselves. Of their first extract from this poem, they say 'it is elegant and picturesque!' the second 'has considerable merit!' the third 'is extremely spirited!' and 'the closing line particularly fine!' the fourth 'is equally spirited and forcible!' and the fifth, 'perhaps, still more beautiful!!!' We believe, as we before stated, that notoriety, no matter of what kind, is the object of these adventurous critics, who are of a species at once evanescent as the butterfly, and offensive as a bursted gas-pipe; we almost lament the half hour we have wasted on them, but to those who wish not to pervert our intentions, we would observe, that the reviewer, in *The Literary Chronicle*, (see p. 81, col. 1.) thus closes his observations on the blemishes of Mr. Montgomery's poems, 'they (the blemishes) are unworthy of remark, and we have no wish to distinguish ourselves AS VERBAL CRITICS.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not our custom to return rejected communications, but we will endeavour to find the article entitled *The Three Visits*, and leave it at the office.

Sickness, by Sforza, in our next.

Among other important works, we are compelled to defer our notice of Washington Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus. Unlike some of our contemporaries, we are not anxious to make up reviews from *proof sheets*, and are willing to content ourselves with the honest method of examining books when they come regularly before the public.

The interest excited by the communication of H. has not yet subsided. *Paul Pry* begs to be informed by H. whether such society as he mentions *really* exists, and where its meetings are held. A fruitless expedition to Nassau Street produces the inquiry.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Jurist, No. 3, 5s.—Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, Vols. 1 and 2, 1l. 10s.—Hampden's Sermons, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—The Birth Day, 18mo. 6s.—Life of Lord Colingwood, 2 vols. Svo. 24s.—Lewin's Poor Laws, 14s.—Cornish on Purchase Deeds, 12s.—Bray's White Hoods, 3 vols. post Svo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Moral Biography for Youth, 3s. 6d.—Barrington's Naturalist's Journal, 4to. 10s. 6d.—Partington's Natural and Experimental Philosophy, 2 vols. Svo. 24s.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: A Portrait of Sir Edward Codrington, from a bust by Chantrey.—A second edition of Hamilton's East India Gazetteer.—M. Frederic Degeorge has nearly ready a work entitled, *Du Journalisme en Angleterre* (*The Journals and Journalists of England*), which is to be published both in Paris and London, in an octavo volume, with the following motto: 'Nourri dans le serail j'en connais les détours.'—Voltaire.

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Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Feb. 8	42	45	41	29	Cloudy.
.... 9	40	41	39	..	Rain.
.... 10	34	37	31	..	Snow.
.... 11	31	32	29	..	Snow.
.... 12	29	32	29	..	Snow.
.... 13	30	32	32	30	Cloudy.
.... 14	32	32	34	29	Snow.

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